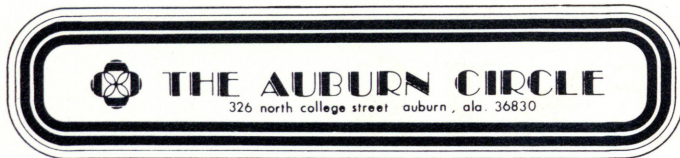


THE AUBURN CIRCLE

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

SPRING—SUMMER, 1974





EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

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(editor, *The Auburn Alumnews*)

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In preparation for writing this column, I spent weeks reading various editors' commentaries in American magazines, popular as well as scholarly. What impressed me (and I, Gemini with sparkling eyes, am very impressionable) was the veritable dignity, idealism, and elitism of said commentaries. Indeed, every publication with the notable exception of the crass *National Lampoon* espoused some creed, some high and serious purpose, some grave responsibility to uphold for thousands of intelligent readers and citizens of this great land.

And I had a vision: the middle-class auto parts executive relaxing at home with a Michelob in one hand and *The Southern Humanities Review* in the other. He was reading the issue containing

A NOTE ON STYLE

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflect the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

The *Circle* staff thanks the following individuals of the English Department for their assistance in evaluating and proofreading copy: James Allen, Evelyn Elwell, Susan Foecking, Bert Hitchcock, Oxford Stroud.

Thanks also to Dottie Hitchcock, formerly our art director, for lending her expertise into the wee hours of the morning; and to Bunny Marshall for converting her house into a studio for the *Circle* staff.

the timeless remark: We aim to interpret the South to the world and the world to the South (or something like that).

How grand, I thought. The *Circle* should have some similar rap, something "conservatively hip and respectably cool," as Duke Ellington would say. So I gathered together a group of experts, and we thought and thought and thought.

"Why don't we make a metaphor?" suggested Elrod McKuen who had written twelve pristine verses for our last issue. "And why don't we mix it with a pun? You know, a truly complex literary device..."

"That would be sensational!" I responded. "For this we need a fertile mind. We need the Red Cross Knight."

Alas, a quick call to University Relations, where a throng of politicians were consulting the director on campaign strategies, revealed that the Knight was pasting computer labels on mysterious envelopes.

"I have sold out for the moment," he said. "But don't worry, I'll get my share of telephone directories when election time rolls around. Meanwhile, I've been instructed to tell everyone I know that they have the right and the opportunity to contribute to the Wallace campaign."

Since we didn't know one could do that legally in the United States, we thanked Red Cross for disseminating such wisdom and pledged our support to him in 1978. Then, we returned to our project.

"He was a big help, wasn't he?" said Elrod. "When it comes to creativity, I guess I'm the only one around who can produce substantial material in a matter of minutes. Now why don't we compare

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Randy Nowell, John Hitchcock, Thom Botsford

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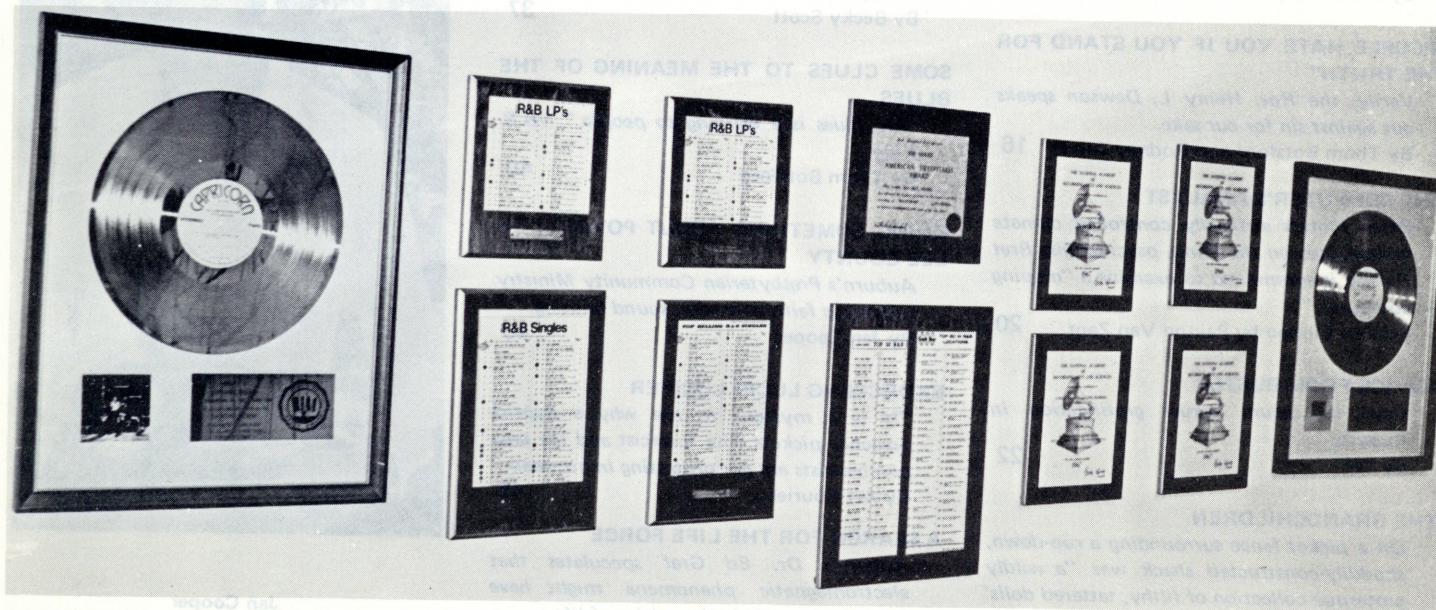
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Jan Cooper



... *Bringing Home the Bacon In Macon*



IN WALDEN'S HEAVEN

BY DAVID WILLIAMS

On a bright day in April, good vibes prevailed for Circle writer Dave Williams, Photo Editor John Hitchcock, and former SGA Entertainment Director Fred Harris. They were received in Macon, Georgia, by hip entrepreneur Phil Walden, the man who made a million (or more) on the sounds of Otis Redding, Percy Sledge, Sam and Dave, and the Allman Brothers Band. In a rock-soul-rhythm and blues heaven where nobody seems to worry much about anything but music, money, and good times, our interviewing team tasted a bit of the life a few gold records and a hefty supply of extraordinary talent can nourish.

This pilgrimage, of course, included "a quiet time" in memory of Duane Allman, the late guitarist who ranks with the late Jimi Hendrix as "a major influence" in rock music. Capricorn Records, Walden's company, kindly dispatched a public relations representative ("Gail, one hell of a good looking chick") to help with details.

—Editor's Note

As we ease through the cemetery, Gail explains how the Allman brothers and band used to come to Rose Hill to talk of the future. They truly loved the graveyard. Their favorite spot was a walled grave plot carved from the side of a small hill. It sits next to the road running closest to the train tracks and the river at the back of Rose Hill. Four graves rest neatly between the moss-covered walls completely shaded by a dense growth of hardwood trees. The inscription on the significant one reads: "Elizabeth Jones Reed, wife of Briggs H. Napier; November 9, 1845 - May 3, 1935." They felt drawn to this spot by the good vibrations, she says. So much so that Richard Betts was inspired to write the instrumental, "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed."

Not far from this spot, a small valley seems to empty out onto the road. It's almost as if you could take a right turn from the road and disappear in the shadows at the end of the valley. We leave the car and begin to walk up the valley, the ground moist like a stream bed. At the rear, the land is terraced up to a bare peak where only a flagless flagpole stands. The first terrace is empty. The second, however, contains two graves with room for two more. The grave on the right reads: "Our brother B.O. Raymond Berry Oakley III - Help thy brother's boat across and lo thine own has reached the shore. Born in Chicago April 4, 1948. Set free November 11, 1972, and the road goes on forever."

The other reads: "Duane Allman; November 20, 1946 - October 29, 1971, I love being alive and I will be the best man I possibly can. I will take love wherever I find it and offer it to everyone who will take it. Seek knowledge from those wiser and teach those who wish to learn from me." We pause for a few moments and then our guide—rather—friend removes some withered flowers from Berry's grave and informs us it's time to roll on.

We have come to Macon, Georgia, to interview Phil Walden, president of Capricorn Records, probably the world's hottest independent record company. Walden also holds substantial business interest in No Exit and Rear Exit, two music publishing firms; Phil Walden and Associates, a booking agency; Macon World of Travel; a downtown liquor store; and another booking agency, Paragon. Phil is a 34-year-old millionaire and out to lunch, so Gail is our hostess. She is full of the Southern hospitality of old; but, unlike many who have mastered the mannerisms, her kindness goes out to everyone. Rolling on through the

cemetery, we notice rusting metal markers, leaning slightly from lack of attention, denoting fallen defenders of the Confederacy. Past the front wall is the city of Macon, known throughout the country as the home of the Allman Brothers Band and Wet Willie, although Wet Willie originated in Mobile and the Allman Brothers Band members are from all over.

We stop by the Paragon Booking Agency, a large wooden framed house—porchless and looking like a child's giant building block with huge numbers, the street address, painted on the door. Here Otis Redding's widow and brother work as booking agents. Paragon, we learn, books the Allman Brothers Band, Lynard Skynard, Bobby Womack, and others, some of whom don't record for the Capricorn label. Inside, the walls are covered with large photos of Otis performing, receiving honors, and just contemplating. A lone gold record for Otis' "The Dock of the Bay," hangs in Mrs. Redding's office. Secretaries dart about answering phones, checking engagement rosters, and running down the agents assigned to different groups and artists. A quick phone call informs us that Phil is still out, so off we go to the Capricorn Recording Studio on Broad Street in downtown Macon.

Here, an extra wide sidewalk out front is covered by a closed circuit T.V. monitor. We don't even knock on the huge metal doors. They swing open, revealing a large reception area lighted by rays of sunlight pouring through the transparent Capricorn insignia above the door. Enlarged speedo graphic posters of the Allman Brothers Band, Wet Willie, Marshal Tucker, and others who have had the privilege of recording in what Gail calls "the most modern studio in the

Photography: John Hitchcock



South," cover the walls all around and up and down the hall leading to the studio. Two sets of double doors, each with large fish-eye windows, enclose the hall at both ends. Among the memorabilia someone has hung a sign reading, "Try hard and someday you'll be here."

Beyond the far doors, thick shag carpeting covers the floor of the studio and portions of the walls. Pulling off our shoes, our feet disappear in the red fibers. The feeling couldn't be better if it was grass—the walking in kind. Sound absorbing material and slotted panels run up the walls while amplifiers, an electric piano, drums, guitars, and a grand piano sit idly around the studio. Visible through the glass divider are technicians busying themselves with mixing tapes and preparing the newly-acquired 16 track recorder for Grinder Switch and the James Montgomery Band due in

sometime next week. When recording, sound panels are placed around each musician to achieve the purest tone quality, Gail tells us. Back through the fish-eyed doors and to our immediate right, we find the technical workings of the Capricorn Recording Studio. Tapes whirl, the control panel flashes, and a technician glances at the sidewalk monitor, then snatches up the phone—he wants to know where the hell is the guy who's supposed to pick up the completed Cowboy and Wet Willie tapes.

Tee shirts and blue jeans are the uniform of the day. They're the uniform of the day, everyday at Capricorn. No one cares what you look like here just as long as you work your damndest.

A bubbly chick, carrying a tape, breaks through the doors. She's wearing — of all things — a dress! Boy does she catch

hell, but all in fun. "I thought your group might want to hear this, Gail," she says. The tape is set up. The reel spins quickly, taking up the slack and delivers. From all directions, at almost top volume comes, "Gregg Allman Live," a new album soon to be released. John Hitchcock, our photographer, slides into the assistant technician's chair and rolls back into the middle of the room. He grins and bobs, his camera boogie-ing right along in his lap. On both arms of the chair, John knocks out the piano part, done by Chuck Leavell of the Allman Brothers Band on the tape. Fred Harris, Auburn's entertainment director for '73-'74, hollers over, "How ya like it?" John grins and bobs more emphatically. "Man, that is really laid back music; that's what the South will do to ya," a technician notes. The whole crew has stopped to listen even though they've probably heard it a hundred times already. Again, they're just as mellowed out as they were for the original performance.

Bubbly-in-the-dress bounces back to tell Gail that Phil is over at the Capricorn administration building. Phil Walden, we begin to understand, is a busy man, flying in and out of Macon to all points of the globe. If he's not in L.A., New York, or London on business, he's in Paris, Africa, or Japan collecting art, his favorite hobby.

There have been maybe ten to twenty magazine pieces written on Phil Walden and the "Macon Story." Gail lets us know how lucky we really are when she points out that the *Atlanta Constitution* was after Phil for an interview for almost a year. If our luck holds, we'll have at least thirty minutes with him. What does this man think about Southern music and the South in general?

We've read many of the articles, so Phil's early days are well known to us. While still in high school, he booked black rhythm and blues singers for fraternity parties on different Southern campuses. Then there was "Rock House" Otis Redding, the egg for Phil Walden that came before the chicken, Southern fried style in the form of the Allman Brothers Band. Otis earned \$600,000 in 1967. Had he lived another year, he would have made an easy million. Even before the Allman Brothers, there was Sam and Dave singing "Soul Man," Percy Sledge doing "When a Man Loves a Woman," and Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music." Walden was the largest white booker of black talent when he took a gamble on Atlantic's session guitarist, Duane Allman.

Duane had just started earning top studio money after he accompanied Wilson Pickett on his overnight smash hit version of "Hey Jude." Gregg was still in California completing a contract with a

group called Hour Glass. Phil called him to Macon, and scouts searched for the other members; then, an initial investment of \$100,000 for equipment and promotion sent the new group on their way. Their rise to fame, saddened by the deaths of Duane and bassist Berry Oakley, can be attributed to nothing less than total dedication to music and a hell of a lot of hard work. It paid off. Last summer, the world woke up to the Allman Brothers when 600,000 people showed up at Watkins Glenn, New York, for a concert headlined by the band. Even in Macon the townspeople were realizing that Walden booked bands for bigger dates than dances in local armories. After all, this is a band that can get \$200,000 a night, not exactly what you make on the National Guard Circuit. A man has to have his head together to make the world sit up and take such notice of Southern music.

We pull in behind Phil's Mercedes-Benz sports car parked in the alley next to the Capricorn offices. The reception area is raised and Phil's secretary's office is lowered off to the right. A large antique wooden juke box — the kind which pulled records from a single stack and turned them every which way but inside out before placing one of them on the turntable — stands off to the side. On a quick tour, we visit an intricate network of rooms accommodating the different departments. The upstairs contains offices of the in-residence certified public accountant who handles only Capricorn financial business; the downstairs houses the administrative offices of Phil and his vice-presidents. Each office is equipped with a stereo system and features an assortment of speedo graphic posters of different artists on the Capricorn label. Down a tiny spiral staircase — into the basement — we enter the business offices of the Allman Brothers Band. Here, four casually clad secretaries work solely on Allman Brothers Band material. The walls, painted in a soft peach color, are decorated with different photos of the band members. This office has recently gone into the tee-shirt, knick-knacks, and poster business in order to "protect" unsuspecting buyers from boot-legged Allman Brothers' paraphernalia.

Back up the twisted staircase, around a couple of acute-angled turns, and down an abstractly-painted hallway, we find we're right back where we started. Gail leads us into Phil's secretary's office where some of Phil's art collection shares honors with the gold and platinum records earned by the Allman Brothers Band. She uses both hands to swing open the double doors which reveal Phil perched on the edge of his 18th Century English antique desk — a monstrous piece of furniture and a far cry from the

flat-black army issue he started with. His feet are joined at the ankles swinging a pair of black and silver-toed cowboy — styled boots.

Blue jeans and a silver-on-black shirt with tiny red hearts in the silver portions cover his medium frame. A full head of curly hair dangles past his ears. A smile eases onto his face as if to say, "Welcome and I know why you're here." This pleasantly modern inner-office boasts art by Picasso, Ernst and Gauguin. Two huge studio speakers stand on parson's stables in the corners. They are hooked through the amplifier to a reel-to-reel tape player and turntable behind Phil. We all get a firm, "straight" handshake and take a seat. A brief explanation of what we're seeking from Phil prompts a puzzled look on his face. He contemplates a moment then says: "All right."

Circle: Many people refer to the music your company records as "Southern music." Whatever they call it, it's



distinctive. What do you call it?

Walden: It's a basic extension of what happened years and years ago. Southern music is such as it has always been, the only true American music. Southerners who continue to stay in the South are beginning to make it again. There was a brief lapse of time when your New England folkies were singing about working on the railroad when they probably had never even seen a railroad. Music has always been basically from the South, particularly the Mississippi Delta region and your Georgia and Alabama fields. There's really no new Southern music—just an extension of early blues and jazz which began here in the South.

Circle: What about groups like Capricorn's James Montgomery Band from Philadelphia? Where do they get their Southern sound?

Walden: They're influenced. Why does a British guy like Elton John have a single on the American rhythm and blues chart?

He's been influenced by American black music.

Circle: What makes Southern music so infectious? Why is it so popular?

Walden: It's *real*. It's *real* music. Real music conquers bullshit all the time. Young knowledgeable people and musicians are directing it. There's no more fat cats with cigars. The music industry, in the South anyway, is straight towards its artists. What's making Southern music happen is the same thing that made it happen when slaves were taken to Europe. Europeans went crazy over those black guys singing very melodic, very earthy, very real music. All they had listened to before was a poetic, classical style of music. Now they were listening to people music.....(Walden claps his hands and bobs a bit), you know *real* music.

Circle: How would you relate the Southern sound to other types of music?

Walden: Of all the music in the world, American music or its derivatives is the only true universal music. The English rock scene is a derivative of the American rock and roll scene which is a derivative of American blues and jazz. It didn't come out of Westminster Abbey—you can rest assured of that. It was born here, exported and translated over there, then sent back here in the early Sixties. It's the only music you can play to a Japanese audience and they'll love it and clap their hands, or play it for a French audience and they'll love it too.

Circle: Then what would you say is the basic building block, the essential ingredient, for this music?

Walden: Rhythm and blues is the basic building block for all music in America, and black music began rhythm and blues. When done well, it has few equals if any. But black music presently is going through a great transformation from rural to urban. The Memphis sound of Otis Redding is different from what Bobby Womack is doing. Womack is a talented musician and a city-slicker if you want. Their roots are different. Womack never experienced the rural hardships Otis did.

Circle: What do you think about the Southern environment in general?

Walden: I'm a firm believer in the South and a firm believer in people staying in the South. Politically, it has never been in better condition than it is currently. Ten years ago we didn't have a Jimmy Carter (governor of Georgia). Now we have someone who speaks with intelligence. No more of this white man speaks with forked tongue, so to speak. We have people interested in the arts, people who have other people's interests in mind and who are educated, people who come closer to being statesmen and not just run of-the-mill politicians. Before, we didn't have this. The South has always been a

source of great writers like Faulkner and of great musicians whether they are Louis Armstrongs or Duane Allmans. Some of your greatest painters are Southerners. Here, before with a few exceptions, everyone left the South. Conditions were such—well the people in Oxford, Mississippi, used to regard Faulkner as some kind of fuckin' lunatic. I can remember days when Otis and I were here and people regarded him as the nigger who made a lot of money. The funny thing was that when they met him they were totally disarmed because he was so damn charming. They didn't know how to react to him. The climate has changed considerably which is fortunate. Because if the South is ever to rise into a better position politically, economically, musically, and culturally, then the creative, talented people have to stay. We can't afford to lose a one.

Circle: What was the South doing wrong before this change?

Walden: The South had a great scheme for running all the intelligent blacks out and keeping the ones who could pick a bale of cotton or pick up whatever. So in terms of loss, we lost a lot of blacks and whites because of a habit of running away the gifted and intelligent.

Circle: What are some of the ideals you're into?

Walden: I believe in economic progress. It just took the South a little longer. We listened to the wrong people and elected the wrong people. I'm into hard work and good music. Capricornis just my sign. I'm not into astrology, just the stars on stage even though the ones in the sky are nice to look at.

Circle: You must love Macon. Why?

Walden: God, I love it, when that plane touches down out there and I know I'm home. Of course, I guess an Eskimo is happy to get back to his igloo. I'm

originally from Greenville, South Carolina, but I don't even know the nurse that popped my ass up there.

Circle: Isn't competition in the music business pretty tough now? What's the situation for Southern musicians?

Walden: I'd like to see them all make it. I welcome the competition. We sold more albums than the entire state, including Atlanta, last year, but Atlanta does more of a Top 40 type of thing. Their scene is more urban. If they were to try and copy us it would come out like Top 40 with our beat. The same thing holds true if we were to try and copy them. It's all in the environment. If you're from the slums of Chicago, you're going to sound like Muddy Waters; if you play for Bill Lowery studios, you'll be singing sugar n' "Sweet Pea" like Tommy Roe. It's all in the environment. I like the Macon environment. Our musicians like it.

Walden checks his watch and glances at Gail. He wants to know when Dickie is coming by. Tonight, guitarist Richard

Betts and Phil are going to "Uncle Sam's," Phil's night club in Macon and the only place where, until recently, one could go to drink a beer, listen to some music, and watch the chicks. Dickie has decided he wants to play a little tonight, probably some material off his new single album which will come out in the fall. Vince Vance and the Valiants will be there for an old time rock and roll show complete with prizes for the best dressed greaser.

Phil slides from his desk and escorts us out to the reception area where a five foot high wooden crate has arrived for him from New York. Phil explains that when he was there for the Grand Funk—Wet Willie concert in Carnegie Hall, he saw a piece of African sculpture he liked in the manager's office. The manager was kind enough to send it to him.

Wet Willie and Grand Funk...Jesus, gold and cheap glitter, I bet that combination blew those Yankees' minds.



ATAVISM

All those who passed,

endless hordes troubling our dreams,

out of all that courage or cunning

one daring weighed

against centuries of acquiescence,

whom do we dare choose

for our final allegiance?

One face remains, nameless,

haunting us

until named by our name.

—Carl Dockery

ENCOUNTER

I saw you

Through the brilliance of the sun,

Then radiance blinded my speechless sight

—and

I flew beyond the realm

Of our touch

Toward breathless imaginings

And landed on the softness of your voice

Which warmed me

—sufficiently!

—Anthony C. Murphy



Photography: John Hitchcock



The Aunt Jemima Era Comes To a Close

BY RHETA GRIMSLEY

Cleaning house and babysitting for two dollars a day to the tune of the television soap operas and with the rhythm and grace of a dying way of life: The "colored" maid, the one who knew to get into the back seat of the automobile when four o'clock in the afternoon came, was as Southern as fried chicken and as indispensable as the sun. Smelling faintly of soap and jasmine perfume, she came riding proudly in on the city bus; starched and smiling, she was ready to work. Clutching an umbrella, a large patent leather pocketbook and a brown paper sack in her smooth old hands, she'd walk a city block or two with her friends — slowly, lingeringly, ever conscious of an eight o'clock work day beginning. Upon arriving, she'd hang her bag and umbrella on a hook in her employer's utility room, and her "yes ma'ams" would come forth

naturally and pleasantly for seven or eight hours a day.

She was treated well by the white, middle-class woman who hired her. Christmas time would always mean a present with her name under her "family's" tree, and she was more than welcome to double helpings of whatever the "family" had for lunch or even breakfast. She was allowed to put the ironing board close to the television, and all the clothes that Mrs. Betty's children outgrew were automatically hers.

Faithful as clockwork, she came: once, twice, maybe even three times a week. She was passed from neighbor to neighbor — her employer lent her out as generously as she would a cup of sugar to Mrs. Eloise for the day. "She's slow, but what she does, she does right. And I've never missed anything while I've used her."

The children in her white "family" loved her, and she loved them. Eunice put lots of sugar in the Kool-Aid, band-aids

on skint knees, and a hair brush on the backend whenever necessary. She smiled a lot, and the children responded. With one eye on "As The World Turns" and one on the white shirt she was ironing, she could still listen to childish prattle that seemed important at the time. She had a knack for fixing the barrettes in your hair, tying a sash just right, finding the channel for cartoons or letting you eat a whole jar of marshmallow creme by itself.

But now the children who grew up with the Eunices — our generation — have children themselves or will have soon. And usually the only time they meet with their second mothers is near the lettuce counter in the grocery store or near the bus stop at a local shopping center.

Domestic work is now largely a business. Hours, wages, and relationships are determined and set before the first bed is made or oven is cleaned. Some cities — Auburn included — have organizations to protect the rights of the domestics, insuring them of fair wages

Illustration: Randy Nowell

and reasonable, business-like working conditions. In 1971, the Auburn Household Technicians, for instance, was formed to perform this watchdog function.

"We question future employers about things like vacation and sick leave," one technician said. "They (the employers) have to convince us that they'll pay at least the minimum wage before we'll recommend anyone for the job. In turn, they can call us back if they have any complaints about the work."

Close to one hundred domestic workers in the area call themselves technicians, though some are members in name only. "Not anything like a union," the organization has nonetheless helped many Auburn domestics to improve their standards of living. Recently, for example, a California instructor taught many members the proper way to make beds, wash dishes, and discipline children. Improved services, of course, should rate better pay.

"Before 1971, lots of maids were making less than 75 cents an hour, and a lot still are," according to one worker. Many domestics, it seems, are still afraid to come into the group — afraid of losing their jobs or the good will of their employers. These will probably work into old age and disappear, leaving a void. Very few, if any, 75 cents-an-hour daughters or nieces will come along to replace them.

Even now fewer suburbanites boast a full or part-time maid, but those who do usually pay their workers more and provide uniforms and better working conditions in general. They also expect more for their money. Education, training, and previous experience may help them decide whom to hire. Clearly, "You just can't get good help these days" really means that you just can't get good help for close to nothing as in the past. Unless, of course, you've inherited the family Eunice.

Some of the domestics, especially the older ones, have no regrets about their years of housework for a little over two dollars a day. One who has retired from the business of being a maid talked in a somewhat strained voice about her experiences:

"I worked for Mrs. Helen for about six years — yes, about six years. And she never said a cross word to me. She paid me every day and my bus fare, too," the old woman recalled, emphasizing the fringe benefit of provided transportation. "Only reason I quit was because I got too old to do that kind of work."

"My daughter, now she won't ever be a house maid, no she won't, cause she's just not interested in cleaning and all like I was. It was a good life for me. It paid my bills. But things are changing."

This domestic worker provided for a family of six without the help of a spouse. National sociological surveys show that almost seventy percent of domestics are the chief providers for their families, though most are married at the time of their employment. The daughter in this case, representing the views of a younger generation, expressed no interest in domestic work. She is employed as a clerk in a large discount store in Montgomery. "I'd be a fool to lick someone's butt for three bucks a day when I can make almost that much an hour," the daughter said. She was attractively dressed and spoke rapidly in a low voice:

"I'm sorry that my mama and other black people had to do work like she did, but that's over. This is a new day. I'm doing a good job working in the store, and things are just different now. My mama didn't have an education, and I finished high school. She just didn't know no better. It's not just the pay, but it's the work that is just a disgrace to the black race. We're not going to work like slaves for our board and keep. It's a new day, and if anything, it will be the other way around."

Mrs. Helen, the wife of a prominent business man, was Mary's employer for six years. Now she hires another maid three days a week, but "this one's just not as good a worker as Mary was. Mary knew how to come in and take over without me having to stand over her every second," Mrs. Helen observed while pulling her dress below her crossed knees. She was sitting on the couch in a spacious den of a four bedroom brick home. She spoke fondly and at length of Mary, her first full-time maid.

"Some people in our society just elect to do housework, and I think they have a right to do this work and as a result, I have a right to hire them. Mistreating a maid would be another matter."

"I'm not going to apologize for hiring a maid. I work sometimes with different organizations and I feel it's a necessity. I always treated Mary like she was one of the family, and I suppose she really was. She wore a uniform, which she provided herself, but I paid her well and gave her gifts for every special occasion."

Mrs. Helen, like all of the other figures involved in this ending drama of human relationships, has discovered "differences" in her relationship with "the new help." These "differences" must have come in with the new respect society has for the black race as a whole, she mused. "I never would have thought twice about not introducing Mary to pop callers," she admitted in a voice that knows better now. "Now, I do. My new maid sits in the front seat of my car, of

course; and she eats with me at lunch if I'm home. Yet it's funny. She's still not as much of us, that is, one of the family like Mary was. And the children liked Mary the best, I believe."

The children. That's another chapter in the volumes of romance about domestics and their role in the life of Alabama families. "That's my baby," the domestics might say when they meet their "children" now accidentally.

One twenty-one-year-old girl, smiling while remembering, recaptured her childhood with a single word — Lo. "Lo was our maid. I'd go to her before I'd go to mother or anyone. I remember she didn't like some of my playmates. She'd say: 'that girl is dirty,' and I'd be mad for a while. But I loved her."

"I remember she'd talk on the phone sometimes, and she'd always tell me not to tell my mother I had seen her talking on the phone. She had lots of boyfriends, though she was married and had three or four kids. But she was a real moral guardian as far as I was concerned."

"She hadn't much education, but she would always use proper English with us, I remember that. She'd always pronounce words carefully, until she got excited, and then she'd sound more like her phone conversations."

"My children will never have a Lo. I know they won't because there aren't any people like that any more. Maybe the reasons why she was humble and giggly and all were wrong. I mean, maybe it all stemmed from a bad situation. But I like the way she was, and I guess any children would. Just like everyone disagrees with slavery, but everyone likes the character Mammy in *Gone With the Wind*. Not that I'm comparing maids to slaves, because there's a difference, of course, in that they're paid, and in most cases pretty well."

The mammy figure, the Aunt Jemima, the feminine version of an Uncle Tom, is rapidly disappearing from even the slow-to-change Southland. Young adults are the last to see widespread exploitation of the black race in a domestic sense. They'll remember it though. Their lives have been affected. The Eunices and Marys and Los will periodically color futures through memories. And the nostalgia in most cases will be of the intensely sentimental variety.

Some yellowing snapshot in a photograph album, an extra crusty biscuit or even a pair of loafers with protruding human heels might conjure up a vision of a solitary sweetness that had been a childhood delight. Now a news figure in connection with minimum wage requirements, she was then a normal part of the day and of a way of life.





Illustration: Randy Nowell

FICTION BY RICHARD CALLAHAN

It was a cold, bleak January evening when Lisa stepped up from the subway. She stopped in the coffeehouse as she had done every day of the three months she had been in New York. As she sank into the booth in the corner, thoughts of her warm midwestern home filled her mind. Maybe Mother was right when she tried to persuade me not to leave friends and security for the glamour and excitement of New York, she thought as she sipped from her cup of hot chocolate.

Some glamour! The only job she could find was as a typist for a second rate advertising agency. Excitement? Each day she would fight her way onto the subway where she would have to stand more times than not, and be bounced around for fifteen blocks before having to fight the mob getting off at her stop. She had tried to make friends in her apartment building but soon found that people in the big city trusted no one and would rather stay secluded in their own little world. The people at the agency were just faces she saw from eight to five—each going its separate way when the day came to an end.

"Lisa?" She was suddenly shaken from her gloomy thoughts by the sound of a warm, friendly voice calling her name. Looking up, she saw a young, handsome, well-dressed man smiling down at her.

"Lisa Graham?"

"Yes," she answered as she searched her mind for the identity of this face that

looked vaguely familiar.

"Aunt Kate wrote and said you were in New York. I never dreamed I'd run into you like this! Small world!"

"Chad — Chad Morrison!" she exclaimed, suddenly recognizing an old high school classmate. "What are you doing here?"

"I should ask you the same question. May I sit down?"

"Of course. Forgive me. I'm just so shocked to see someone I know. How long has it been? The tenth grade wasn't it?"

"The ninth, when we moved from Midland," he answered as he sat down across from Lisa.

"Seven years!" she exclaimed. "You appear to be doing well."

"Not bad, I must say. I've been working with a brokerage firm for three years now. I've done rather well."

"Are your parents here in New York?" she asked.

"No. We moved to Vermont when we left Midland. As soon as I graduated from high school I came to New York and have been here ever since. But let's not waste time talking about me," he said, quickly changing the subject. "How about yourself?"

"Not much to say," she replied. "I stayed in Midland and worked at daddy's store for a couple of years after I graduated. I decided I wanted something

better than life in a country town, so here I am."

"Victim of the bright lights and thrill of big city life, eh?" he teased.

"Yeah. That's what I expected but really I haven't found those bright lights to be so dazzling. My days are spent at work and nights locked up inside my apartment. In fact I was about to talk myself into returning to Midland when you came up."

"We sure can't let that happen. I tell you what. I have two tickets to a great show. Let's take in some of those bright lights tonight."

I'm really tired, she thought. He's really not a stranger. If I spend another evening in that lonely apartment I'll scream.

"Sure. Sounds like fun" she finally replied. "I'll have to freshen up a bit."

"That's all right. The show begins at eight. We can go out to eat first, if you like. I know this groovy little Italian restaurant down on thirty-ninth."

"I'll only be a minute," she replied as she fumbled through her purse for some change. "My apartment is just around the corner. Come on up and wait while I change."

Leaving some change on the table, they headed for the door. As she talked excitedly she bought a copy of the *Daily News* and unconsciously stuffed it under her arm. They walked quickly around the corner and within minutes they were at her apartment. Quickly opening the door, she laid her purse and paper on a chair as she walked in.

"Make yourself comfortable. I'll only be a moment," she said over her shoulder as she headed into the bedroom.

Lisa excitedly rummaged through her closet until she found the new dress she had bought for just such an occasion. "I was beginning to think I would never wear this," she thought as she quickly changed. A few touches of makeup and she was ready.

"I'm ready," she called out as she rushed back into the living room.

Something was wrong. Dreadfully wrong. Gasping, she felt something wrap tightly around her neck. The *Daily News* lay on the floor in front of her. The last thing her horror-stricken eyes saw was the headline: "Stocking Strangler Still At Large."



The 31st

*In Alpharetta, Ga., Peter watched impotently
as the whole state went down the drain.*

a fantasy:

ARTICLE XXXI

1. Congress shall make no law which supersedes, nullifies, alters, or otherwise interferes with the duly enacted statutes of state and local governments pertaining to land use and land use planning.

2. No provision of this Constitution shall be construed as prohibiting the enactment and impartial enforcement of said statutes except in cases in which equal protection of the law is denied or abridged on account of race, color, creed, or sex.

(Proposed by Congress, May 13, 1986)

(Ratification completed, Nov. 8, 1990)

Amid the orange and blue bunting, nostalgia reigned supreme as one speaker after another beguiled the graduation audience with stories of "War Eagle!" In the section reserved for alumni, Peter mused that when the Class of '74 went through there were no speakers. Of course, that was before the Coliseum had air conditioning. (A grateful Alumni Association had it installed to commemorate Auburn's national football championship in 1980.) Graduation speakers followed the air conditioning like so many dependent clauses. He stifled a yawn and thought, "no, not dependent clauses—more like dangling participles." Now salutatorians, valedictorians, deans, veeeps, honored guests, politicians (dishonored guests?), and camp followers paraded up to the

microphone in monotonous array. As he settled back to await the conferring of degrees, he noticed for the first time a puzzling shadow which was slowly advancing across the translucent pastel panels in the new roof of the Coliseum. After several minutes, it occurred to him that even though it was not yet three o'clock, the sun had begun to sink behind the enormous truncated pyramid that was the Harry M. Philpott Center for the Liberal Arts. As architecture, the building stunk (one critic called it "Neo-Babylonian Revival"), but its construction had led directly to the establishment of the School of Medicine in the old Haley Center. In a way that was why he was here today; it was June 6, 2001, and his daughter was about to receive her M.D. with a specialty in genetic engineering.

Nothing except the fiercest loyalty to his alma mater would have made him pursue the financial folly of sending her to Auburn. As a resident of Georgia, his daughter was subject to out-of-state fees which were about four times the basic tuition. Of course, since he was an alumnus, part had been waived and an additional fraction forgiven because she, for her part, had agreed to practice for five years in Alabama. Hanging out her shingle in Alabama had other advantages besides the saving on fees. He knew some physicians in Atlanta who would give their country club memberships to be able to move to Alabama. In 1975, when he graduated, things had been very different; only one state, Alaska, had a restrictive immigration policy in effect. That was the year after construction of the first Alaskan pipeline began in earnest and it had been immediately apparent that half the unemployed undesirables from the lower forty-eight were going to

move north. A law was promptly put on the books limiting movement into the state to tourists and those with firm job offers. Before it was declared unconstitutional (in a celebrated court battle that embroiled President Wallace almost from the day he took office), it succeeded in turning back the better part of the flood. Unfortunately, a good part of that flood wound up on public assistance rolls in the Pacific Northwest. What averted the long term consequences of this influx of economically nonproductive individuals was a timely Supreme Court decision. In the fall of 1975, just as the weather turned cold, the Court announced with characteristic magnanimity that residency requirements for welfare eligibility were unconstitutional. It is true that Amtrak had to put on extra trains to carry the sudden crush of passengers flooding into California. It is *not* true that case workers set up tables in the bus station in Seattle to give free tickets to anyone on relief who wished to go south.

As alarming as the welfare migrations of '75-'76 were to the politicians and bureaucrats charged with upholding the commonweal, they were only a token of a not-so-secret sickness. Even then it did not take a visionary to foresee the ultimate consequences of rising affluence in a highly mobile society; it was merely a question of reading the right tea leaves. Some seers, noting the plummeting birth rate and the closing of foreign immigration in 1981, saw the century and America's problems ending together. Others, however, noting the decay of the cities, the stagnation of the suburbs, and the overwhelming desire of practically everyone to get away from it all, saw only

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AMENDMENT

While it is generally conceded that it is a mistake to pave paradise... that concession has done little to halt the spread of asphalt.

with commentary:

Most of us seem to pursue a perennial affair with prognostication; one person's Tarot deck is another's market analysis (and equally reliable). Yet it does not seem to bother us that the brightest and the best of the professional pundits are usually wrong because neither they nor their audiences are keeping a track record of past performance. Anyone who has progressed beyond the level of moving his lips while reading knows that neither Orwell, Huxley, nor Clarke tried seriously to portray *the* future, but rather *a* future. Unless one happens to own a Ouija board with Pazuzu plugged in on the other end, projections of the future are constructed around the exigencies of plot, characterization, and "message." From among all the possibilities, a few are winnowed out for either bouquets or caveats and strung together in a vaguely plausible form, as fancy dictates.

Now land use planning is hardly as exciting as discovering big black slabs buried on the moon, but to the extent that we must all live with mistakes like the Village Mall land abuse *is* of immediate concern. While it is generally conceded that it is a mistake to pave paradise to put up a parking lot, that concession has done precious little to halt the spread of asphalt. But at present, there seem to be some indications that concern for an improved quality of life in a decent environment may become a gut issue with revolutionary consequences rather than a futile attempt to dodge the steamroller of inevitable "progress." Consider these straws in the wind:

ITEM: Joe Farley, president of Alabama Power, was asked at a hearing in March just how much of the increased generating capacity being built or proposed in Alabama was actually for our state and how much was for export to

adjacent states. The implication is profound for a state with vast coal reserves and many large rivers. It may sound very provincial and quite reactionary, but let's ask ourselves how many hundreds of square miles shall we strip-mine and how many nuclear power plants will we tolerate in order to air-condition Miami?

ITEM: Gov. Tom McCall of Oregon spoke in April to the annual meeting of the Alabama Conservancy on the topic, "Skinning Our Children By Saving Our Hides." His state's example of trying to control its growth and limit immigration from other states ("Come-and-visit-but-PLEASE-don't-stay!") should serve as an example to every state anxious to have forests instead of subdivisions, farms instead of shopping centers, and wilderness instead of vacation A-frames.

ITEM: A recent cover story in *Parade* magazine noted with alarm the slums behind the luxury hotels in Hawaii. The relief rolls in "paradise" are being swelled by welfare immigrants from the mainland who would rather pick up their food stamps while wearing a muu-muu in Honolulu than an overcoat in Chicago. The need for controlling such abuses is growing, and simple welfare reform will not suffice.

ITEM: Although the full story may never be publicized it is clear that Disneyworld has been no bonanza for the average citizen of Orange County, Florida. Quite apart from the slowdown resulting from the gas shortage, there is a pattern to this "boom" that is all too familiar: Fantastic financial gain for a few, no significant improvement in per capita income, social services at added costs heaped upon the property owner, and, on top of all this, the incalculable burden of hordes of

people, transient and otherwise, flooding into the area.

ITEM: Analysis of growth data for Alabama cities by Dr. Rowland Burns seems to indicate that, measured by most standards of economic and social benefit growth beyond a certain level ceases to be desirable. It may run contrary to Chamber of Commerce dogma, but, beyond a certain point, the only appropriate answer to growth is "No!" (The U.S. Forest Service has approved a plan by Walt Disney Productions, Inc., to turn a wildlife refuge and natural recreation area in California into a \$35 million nightmare hosting a million visitors a year.)

ITEM: After losing whole mountains to exploiters, Vermont has put on the books a series of tough protection laws that could serve as a model for states, like Alabama, with something worth saving. Unfortunately for Vermont, this came after a developer literally carved the top off of Mount Jay ("America's Matterhorn") and pushed it down the slopes.

ITEM: In what may become a landmark decision, the U.S. Supreme Court in April upheld a zoning ordinance which limits land use in Belle Terre, N.Y., to one-family dwellings in which no more than two people unrelated by blood, adoption, or marriage could live together. Although it set no limit on the number of related people who could live in one house, the intent of the regulation was to preserve the character of the tiny community in which 700 people lived in 220 homes (less than one square mile). Writing for the seven justice majority, William O. Douglas said that it was "reasonable, not arbitrary" to "lay out zones where family values, youth values

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a mad scramble for the remaining habitable land. The land fraud schemes of the 70's ("Only \$599 buys you a retirement home at Rio Cochino Estates!") and the condominium camp sites of the 80's demonstrated eloquently that merely limiting the ultimate size of the population was not enough. There were simply too many people surging across the country in Winnebagos, dune buggies, and trail bikes. Although everyone insisted on having his little wedge of land on the edge of the megalopolis, he was just as determined to get away from it on weekends and vacations, a phenomenon accelerated by the institution of the four-day work week and the twelve-month school year. The real impetus toward the total subdivision of the whole country came with the implementation of the guaranteed annual income in 1985.

Peter was then living in Alpharetta, Georgia, and watching impotently as the whole state went down the drain. From Lookout Mountain to Rabun Bald, North Georgia had become a warren of private and commercial campgrounds and vacation "retreats." Atlanta resembled nothing so much as metastasizing cancer, while in South Georgia, St. Regis International Camp, Inc. (or SRIC — pronounced "shriek" — for short) was maximizing cellulose production on 15,000 square miles of pine plantations. The problems of the 80's (not the least of which was the guaranteed annual income) were spawned in large measure from the awesome antagonism between President Wallace and the Republican-controlled Congress. The President submitted a balanced budget; Congress approved enormous deficits. The President phased out foreign aid; the Senate censured him for the Communist takeover of Burma. Executive and legislative accused each other of hastening the arrival of an Orwellian 1984 and each vied for new ways to impress the voter with its prudence, liberality, and benign intentions. Wallace was re-elected in 1980 on his "New Federalism" platform: a program of tax cuts, revenue sharing, and decentralization of authority and initiative — which was promptly blocked by an obstructionist Congress. For his part, the President earned the dubious record of issuing the largest number of vetoes in the history of the Republic. Now this confrontation was not without fringe benefits for state governments because, as authorizations and appropriations for various federal agencies either ran out or were held to the level of the previous year, the net effect was a shrinking of the federal bureaucracy (which was what the administration wanted all along).

Both by accident and design, some

states began to take shocking initiatives: New Jersey told the FAA just where it could put the proposed Pine Barrens Jetport (figuratively, of course); Alabama refused to permit a new interstate highway that would gobble up 10,000 acres of farmland; Oregon passed a land use planning act that put every square inch of the state under the control of one governmental body or another. The jetport and the interstate were allowed to die unhallowed deaths (and how Peter wished for Georgia to do something similar). In the case of Oregon, however, significant issues had been raised that called into question the rights of privacy, property, and the pursuit of happiness. An army of attorneys was marshalled to contest the law in the courts for an organization called the Citizen's Coalition for Dynamic Growth (national headquarters, Las Vegas). Ultimately, the Supreme Court in a 5-4 decision threw out the law, to the undisguised glee of every real estate developer in the land, but on the very same day Senator Bill Baxley of Alabama offered on the floor of the Senate what ultimately became the thirty-first amendment to the Constitution. Once it was proposed by Congress, some states, not waiting for ratification, put imaginative, new laws on the books. Idaho made all zoning changes subject to local referendum and watched the developers turn purple with frustration. Vermont placed a state-wide moratorium on all development, New Hampshire blocked virtually all speculation in real estate, Hawaii established population density limits throughout the islands, and other states followed suit. The furor over ratification rose to a clamor unmatched since the trial of Richard Nixon fifteen years before. Occasionally, the Coalition triumphed: Florida rejected the amendment and went on to pass a resolution stating that Disneyworld would still be orange groves if it were not for the absence of land use planning in the state. Sometimes the Coalition simply fought a war of attrition against supporters of the amendment; Georgia let it die a lingering death in committee. (Peter still remembered the front page editorial in the *Constitution* which began: "This is not an amendment of which either Henry Grady or Ralph McGill would have approved...." It was signed "Piney Woods Pete.")

Thirty-nine states were needed to ratify; thirty-nine states had to vote to halt the rape of the land and to institute a reign of sanity. The first thirty were almost easy, the next five hard, the next four....

U.S. Steel's decision to close its mills in Alabama after the U.S. Supreme Court had refused to hear an appeal of a lower court decision banning strip mining in the Bankhead National Forest tipped the

balance in that state. Resentment became backlash and backlash became a ground swell of support for ratification. Alabama became the thirteenth state to ratify.

California had originally defeated ratification in a bitterly contested campaign in 1985, but even while the votes were being counted there appeared a bearded wanderer dressed in blue denim and talking about love. Although he answered to the name of Frank, he was adamant in denying any religious overtones in his work nor did he espouse any creed beyond a love for God, for others, and for life itself. Everywhere he appeared, however, opposition to the amendment vanished. He would arrive unannounced, address the small group which would congregate, and depart as quickly as he came, almost as if he had a schedule to keep. Someone once estimated that he could not have talked to more than several thousand people during his active campaigning, but when the amendment was reconsidered and approved, all its supporters gave credit for the reversal to him alone. As with all California scenarios, it ended with a nice touch—from the day of the second vote, Frank was never seen again.

Puerto Rico had never taken up the amendment simply because its opponents and supporters alike considered its defeat a foregone conclusion. No one will ever know to what extent animosity served to prompt the affirmative action, but every legislator in San Juan remembered how Florida had led the fight to deny them statehood. They knew that Florida was now leading the fight to block ratification.... Puerto Ricans were only mildly shocked to turn on their radios and hear that they were the thirty-eighth state to vote approval.

As the fight for ratification stretched on into years, many people forgot one significant detail. The wise legislators of Oregon, convinced of the amendment's manifest destiny to become part of the Constitution, declined to vote on it, preferring instead to wait for the honor of being the state which completed ratification. In a special evening session of an hysterically jubilant legislature, the thirty-first amendment was approved, and the following day, in Washington, President Baker promulgated it to the American people.

Although some states never did accept the wisdom of the amendment, there appeared hopeful signs. Florida moved toward preserving what remained of its coastline in the aftermath of the disastrous "blowout" off Cedar Key, while New York belatedly discovered that it already had sweeping statutory authority cleverly hidden beneath tons of bureaucratic inertia and miles of red tape.

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FANTASY :

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The net effect in those states adopting some kind of comprehensive land use act was to turn the whole state into a kind of "exclusive community" where each parcel of land was assigned an ultimate function and new construction conformed to a "use code" even as it conformed to a building code. The cry of "But where will the people go?" was heard less and less as the country approached ZPG and then only from a few old men to whom dollar signs were more important than the quality of life.

The shadow from Philpott Center finished its march across the translucent roof of the Coliseum, and Peter glanced at his program to see how much more of this he had to endure. There was only one more event before the conferring of degrees and that was the awarding of an honorary LL. D. to Tom McCall of Oregon, the man who really started it all. Peter settled back in his seat and smiled, hoping that he would look that good when he was eighty-eight.

COMMENTARY :

From Page 13

and the blessings of quiet seclusion and clean air make the area a sanctuary for people."

The citizens of Alabama are luckier than those of some other states, at least for the present. If you have a *World Almanac*, look up "Population, U.S., Density, by state" and see what I mean. Yet these figures tell only part of the story as anyone from Arizona or New Mexico will testify. The magic word is EQUILIBRIUM. When man turns his back on this, he proceeds to build New Yorks and, then, not satisfied by anything less than total imbalance, he joins them together in a Boston to Washington megalopolis. States like Oregon and Arizona are already seeking ways to control growth (after all, look who's next door), and we would be wise to consider their example. The most eloquent testimony to the worthiness of their efforts is that among the most vocal leaders in every fight for controlled land use and limited growth are those who have fled from the rigors of existence elsewhere to the open vistas of freer states. I know; I left New York City in 1964



THE CITY

A key lies hidden in folds of green water

from a door dressed in shards of ivy and ice.

A man brushes dreams from the new day's eye
while morning's first trolley cuts through the city

like a murder in the voice of birds

railing at his sluggish whistle

and winks with clever eye after eye after eye

until the light is blinding reflected in sheets

on streets that hide secrets.

Who can know what is buried here?

He is the victim who stands there weeping

in death row alleys angrily ...

Have you died with him?

Problems solve problems building

problem or solution, problem or solution ...

Children sit in circles

spreading outward from the fire

conjuring the devil or calling him a liar

all to hear the rattling of chains

and listen always for an answer

just to hear a mournful echo whistle

through the dawn

awash in the melt I prophesy soon soon.

Feel it now warmly, this thaw that grips

the ice show's master around his heart

until fear becomes the siren spectacle

and no one asks to have his money back

or returns again.

—Duncan Couch

"PEOPLE HATE YOU IF YOU STAND FOR THE TRUTH."

A Visit With

The Rev. Henry Dawson

BY THOM BOTSFORD AND RODNEY ALLEN

"Now where is the Reverend Dawson?" we wondered while pacing the sandlot around the Sand Hill Baptist Church. It was 2 p.m. — this was the meeting place — but there was no Reverend anywhere. On the phone, though suspicious, he had agreed to this interview. "You're not with that *Plainsman* are you?" he had asked. "They just take your words out of context, make a fool out of you if they want."

"Guess he thought we were after him or something," our photographer speculated as we pulled out of the parking lot and started hunting for the parsonage. This was the farm country, just past Chewacla, south of Auburn. Occasional road signs proclaimed the Reverend's "Fundamental, Bible-Centered Church." We checked mailboxes and cruised in and out of long, private driveways for twenty minutes — still no luck.

Finally, we spotted a woman on the porch of an old house. She directed us to the Reverend's trailer, which was just down the road. Two chained German shepherds greeted us in front of the blue-trimmed mobile home, so we stayed in the car with the motor running. A thin woman — Mrs. Dawson — stuck her head out of the door and yelled at the dogs, then to us. "He'll be back at three, but only for about five minutes. Better catch him on the dot."

We did. The Reverend, dressed casually in an ice-blue sweater and dark tie, quieted his dogs and walked over to our car. Short, slightly stocky, hair neatly oiled in place, he looked surprisingly young — late twenties we guessed. Shaking our hands, he apologized for not meeting us. "I sent you a message, but I guess you didn't get it. I've decided against being interviewed. Sorry."

We didn't understand and said so.

"Well," Dawson replied, "I just decided that nothing much would come of it. You know those people at the *Plainsman* tried to make me look like

some kind of a nut — you wouldn't want me trying to make a nut out of you, would you?"

"No sir, not at all," we agreed. The Reverend turned away. It looked hopeless, but we decided to try one last time: "Reverend, we wouldn't make fun of you. We don't want to quote you out of context or make you look foolish. We just want to learn more about your position on matters. Local citizens and students are interested in the moral issues you've raised. Your own beliefs are all we need for a good story. You've complained about *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines in the University Bookstore. You've called dancing, drinking, and nudity 'sinful.' This fascinates people. Why don't you look at a copy of our magazine? We left one at your church."

Everyone was silent for a moment. "Let's go," he suddenly responded. Jumping into a battered VW, he drove off so fast we didn't have time to thank him.

But we were still in limbo. When we got out of the car, he was stooping to fish the winter issue of the *Circle* from under the front door. We followed him past the "No Smoking" sign into the Sunday School chamber, formerly a sanctuary, simple and rustic. The pews were hard. For five or ten minutes, he perused the *Circle* while we waited for the verdict.

"Oh, you know my stand on things — you don't need an interview," he said.

Desperate, we resorted to small talk. We asked about his background, his church membership, his spanking new sanctuary next door. He relaxed a bit. Slowly, we moved to more delicate matters — sex, moral crusades, Judgment Day. Soon his voice began to rise and fall into the old, evangelical inflection patterns, and the interview was in full swing — without notebooks, camera, or tape recorder.

Gaining confidence, we pleaded with him to wait until we were ready with our equipment. "OK, you can take notes," he

said, "but I don't want any pictures — I'm not after publicity." We asked again, but he was firm — no tape recorder either.

These strained conditions account for the sketchy spots and the artificial tone of parts of the following transcription. Nonetheless, we think it says something about a man who plunges headlong into controversy; who preaches "People hate you if you really stand for the truth"; and who believes that the end of the world is almost at hand:

Circle: Reverend Dawson, how long have you been a preacher? Did you attend a seminary?

H.D.: I've been preaching for four years. This is my first church; I helped start it. No, I didn't go to a seminary — just Auburn High School.

Circle: Why did you decide to become a minister?

H.D.: I felt a need for a fundamentalist church in our area. Many ministers here no longer believe the Bible is the infallible Word of God. Even Southern Baptists have gotten away from the Bible. Their seminaries don't teach the literal truth of the Bible. Their Broadman Commentary has gotten away from it. They had a fellow from England write the first five books and the truth just wasn't in it. The whole commentary is wicked. Most Southern Baptists don't know what's going on.

Circle: What do you think of modern versions of the King James Bible? Do you encourage your congregation to read them?

H.D.: *The Living Bible* is a false translation, and there's really no need for it. Those who are saved can understand the King James. But a natural man can't understand spiritual things. They've even put profanity in these translations.

Circle: Recently you've written letters on a variety of subjects to a local newspaper. You've crusaded against magazines you think are pornographic, against nudity,

"Would you like somebody to hug your wife?"

night clubs, and *The Exorcist*. Why did you suddenly involve yourself publicly with those matters?

H.D.: I thought it was time for somebody to take a stand against sin.

Circle: What do you consider the greatest sin?

H.D.: Sex out of marriage. It's a part of the prophecy, though. The end of the world is soon. The signs are there. Israel is a nation. The prophecy says that's one of the symbols. *The Exorcist* is a sign of the rise of Satan worship. A Superman is coming who will get his power from the devil. In Noah's day, people refused to accept the truth. In America, we are getting further and further away from God and the Bible.

Circle: Is Watergate a sign of America's moral decay?

H.D.: To me, Watergate is not that serious. Look at what the liberal Democrats represent. Look at what they've done. With Watergate, nobody was hurt or killed and nothing was stolen. Look at Ted Kennedy. This girl he had with him drowned. But we can't get all of the information. Look at the liberal-minded Supreme Court. They abolished the death penalty. God had the death penalty for adulterers, homosexuals, and witches.

Circle: Do you think we should punish adulterers with the death penalty?

H.D.: I didn't say that. But if we did have it for adultery, we would have to kill half the people.

Circle: What do you think of college education these days? Do you object to anything the professors are teaching?

H.D.: I'm against teaching evolution and against tearing the Bible to shreds. Any intelligent scientist will tell you that evolution is nothing but a theory. We have a lot of new orthodoxy trying to unite evolution and the Bible. But this is false and Communistic, a religion for atheists. America is getting away from the Bible.

Circle: Do you believe our big problems — overpopulation, environmental decay, the energy crisis — are the results of humanity getting away from God?

H.D.: Well, for example, I think we've used our gasoline to carry us away from church. Now God is going to teach us a lesson. Remember, we've enjoyed wealth because we've had Christian principles in America. As we move away from Christianity we lose our wealth. America is great because it has a Great God. Look at Israel. They were great when they had God.

Circle: How do you stand on administering the Gospel to black people?

H.D.: All men are equal — black or white,

both are equal. I have just as much desire to see a black man saved as a white man saved. I have no prejudice. If there's been wrong done in the past, it hasn't come from the real Bible-believing Christians. In fact, the granddaddy of modern fundamentalists, Dr. John R. Rice, put many black people through college.

Circle: Many people don't go to church because they think it "hypocritical." Although your church isn't affiliated with any national or regional organization, it's still "established." How do you respond to those who shy away from organized religion?

H.D.: There is a lot of hypocrisy in many churches. Some people go to church because it's good business — it soothes their conscience. They may be sincere, but you know, the more sincere you are in wrong, the worse off you are. You can be sincerely dead. Churches must rest their authority on the Word of God. And, remember, the Lord established the Church. It is God's instrument. Christians should support the real Bible-believing churches.

Circle: How can you be so sure the Bible is the infallible Word of God?

H.D.: You can see how it stands up over all other books. Science books go out of date. If the doctors who killed George Washington — you know, they put leeches on him and sucked out the blood — had read Leviticus — "the flesh is in the blood" — they might have saved him. That was in the Bible, if they had just

noticed it. And did you know the Bible says the world is round? It refers to "the circle of the earth." All those people who made fun of Columbus weren't reading their Bibles.

The proof of God is in the order of the universe. That car ya'll riding in — it has a creator. It would take a fool to say there's not a God. We've got the right amount of oxygen, of gravitation — everything is worked out exactly and precisely.

Circle: Do you think there's validity in "faith healing" and "speaking in tongues?"

H.D.: A lot of faith healing is just people robbing other people. All healing is divine. I don't go along with making a big thing out of it. Now, there's good people who are speaking strange tongues — the charismatic movement. The second chapter of Acts is the basis for that. But these people don't realize that God gave the early Christians the power to speak in Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and other earthly languages. It names them. It says nothing of some strange heavenly language.

Circle: Early this year, you complained to Vice-President Lanham about the presence of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines in the University Bookstore. They were removed. People can buy these publications, however, in stores throughout Lee County. Are you going to try to persuade local businessmen or city officials to remove these from the racks?

H.D.: I have no plans for this. It would



Photography: John Hitchcock

have to be a full scale operation, and it would have to have the co-operation of local officials.

You know, *The Plainsman* and others are blaming me for the removal of these magazines. They stretch the truth. I only complained about them. I didn't remove them. I don't like to be made a fool of, to have my words taken out of context.

Circle: In one of your letters, you called the Elk's Club "a high class honky tonk," and — if we remember correctly — spoke of bathing suits and dancing as "sinful." Why?

H.D.: Well, you can see that the Elk's Club is just a sophisticated honky-tonk. They drink and dance there. And, you know, both are wrong. Dancing leads to evil thoughts. Dancing is hugging. Would you want somebody to hug your wife?

Circle: Well, neither of us is married — we guess it would depend on the circumstances. But doesn't the Bible sanction dancing in the Psalms and other places?

H.D.: Oh, come on! That's like "leaping for joy" or getting up here and doing a tap dance. The fact is — dancing can lead to adultery. And even thinking about that is wrong. Nudity can do the same thing. It says so in the Scriptures.

Circle: Billy Graham believes that too — that even thinking about adultery is wrong. But, how can you help it?

H.D.: Christ is the answer. He'll forgive you and help keep you away from evil thoughts.

Circle: Are you planning any new moral crusades?

H.D.: My only plans are to see that as many people accept Christ as possible. I'm concerned where people spend Eternity. I want them to stay out of Hell. I want to see 'em lead happy, peace-filled lives. They may not have material items, but they'll be happy. Sin always brings sorrow and unhappiness.

Circle: You approach the Gospel by "speaking out against sin." Do you think the other ministers in our area are "speaking out" enough?

H.D.: I don't think most of them are doing their jobs. They're afraid to speak out. They've got big homes and big cars. People hate you if you really stand for the truth.

Circle: You make things sound pretty bad. Don't you think there's any hope for this country or the world?

H.D.: There's no way to turn the U.S. around, and this is the only country with any kind of hope. So there's no hope for the world — except, that is, in the case of a real revival. I don't think Billy Graham has spoken out against sin like he ought to. He speaks the truth, but he won't get into controversy. He's in a position to really do something, but he doesn't really preach against sin. When a preacher

doesn't do that, he links up with the unbelievers.

Postscript:

Dismayed by student and faculty opposition to the removal of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines from the bookstore, the Reverend wrote the *Opelika-Auburn Daily News* in mid-May:

"It is a sorry day in Lee County and the State of Alabama when such filth as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines are defended and wanted instead of being burned as they ought to be. What is even more terrible is when one hundred and thirty teachers at Auburn University say that a Bible-believing preacher is the dangerous one for speaking out against this filth....

"Pres. Philpott should be contacted, our Lee Co. representative should be contacted and then all the way to the capital if need be. We have sat by while this filth has been pushed down our throats long enough and now is the time to speak. Our only hope is to turn from sin..."

The Reverend also mailed us a message entitled "the reason for my actions on the Auburn campus." With a minimum of grammatical correction, we reprint it below:

"There are two powers in this universe. One is the Lord God Almighty, the creator of all things and he has power. But there is also another supernatural person at work in this universe and he seeks to keep people from worshipping God, for he wants to be worshipped himself. But God Almighty has already told of his end and that he will be imprisoned in Hell, the place of the damned of the universe forever. But he seeks to get man to disobey God and his ways are many. God has said, 'Thou Shalt not commit adultery,' so what does satan do? He sends floods of movies and books that will keep man's mind on sex and lead him to disobey God and thereby also damn man's soul to the place of the damned. I am concerned for the students and so (I do) not want them to be blinded by satan and trade Heaven and eternal life for the place of the damned where Jesus said there is eternal suffering. Sin, as *Playboy* most surely OK's, would damn us and keep people from accepting Jesus Christ as Savior and will condemn us to Hell. I love every student and have no desire to see them in Hell no matter how much they have been blinded by satan and hate me. But some will say we want our freedom of press, but this is only another trick by this evil one to enslave you, for he that committeth sin is a servant of sin. People who read these books and think on things will not be free, but will find themselves enslaved by lust. Now the God I serve loves the

people he made and desires for them to be happy and have eternal life with him and live in joy and peace on a perfect earth in perfect bodies forever. But he will force no one to obey and love him. We must choose to love him and live with him. The only way that we as sinners can be right with the God who made us is to accept his Son who died for us and paid for our sins and satan knows this and he will do everything possible to keep us away from God, by keeping our minds on sin. Movies like *The Exorcist* are simply made to get people's minds on satan and his power and not God. So my one and only reason is my concern that people are blinded by satan and he will lead them to be damned as he will be, unless they trust Jesus Christ as Savior."

In the Name of Jesus the Lord,
Henry L. Dawson, Pastor
Sand Hill Baptist Church



BLACK WIDOW

She looks at him and smiles,

wild-eyed, dark, and sensuously

swaying in her gossamer palace—

a fragile fortress of fornication—

luring him with promises

of arachnid immortality

through life's perpetuation.

He looks at her and comes to her

drawn by sticky strands of eons

gone by and yet to come.

He succumbs to her scarlet brand,

makes no demands. Love's noble sacrifice

goes unheeded—is repeated

endlessly. In ecstasy

of life's fulfillment he ceases to be.

She looks at what was him and smiles.

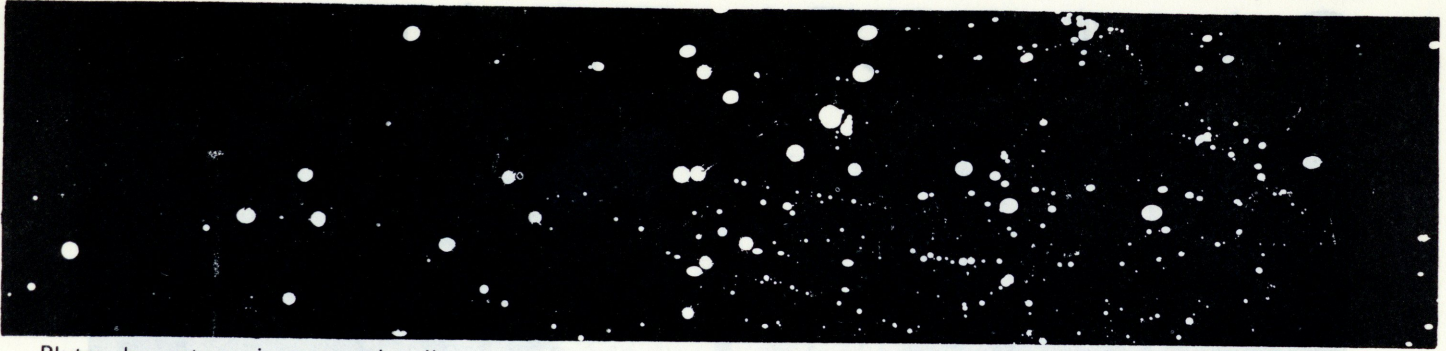
—Pam Spencer

GALLERY FEATURE



"THE FREUDIAN PATH"

By Randy Nowell



Pluto, by nature, is a very hostile, frozen planet, 5.9 billion kilometers from its sun and devoid of atmosphere. Its oceans are liquid nitrogen and oxygen. The temperature on the "hot" side of the planet is an average -224 degrees centigrade and the sun is barely more than a pinpoint in a black sky. Its huge mountains of ice, ammonia, and methane never melt and its air never stirs.

Thus was the state of Pluto until 5337 A.D.; but, in that year, a party of fifty earth men and women founded a sealed dome colony on the planet and the colony gradually spread out until domes were no longer efficient as shelters; thus, five hundred years ago, in 5792 A.D., an artificially controlled climate system (ACCS) was set up to raise the general temperature of Pluto to a constant twenty-four degrees centigrade, produce a breathable atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen, and provide food and water for the colony.

Unfortunately, the ACCS was too complex to be maintained by any practical number of workers. For this reason, an Ar9 computer was installed in the ACCS to operate and, when necessary, repair it. This computer worked efficiently without need for repair for five hundred years.

"You're crazy!" snapped the agitated psychologist, "You're just plain crazy."

"Listen, this is important. Believe me. Something is wrong."

"Maybe a short circuit, but it's nothing I can help with."

"We've had twenty-seven top computer engineers from Earth go over it from one end to the other. They even checked out the ACCS. There is nothing electrically or mechanically wrong with it."

"I thought computers were unemotional."

"Theoretically they are but I swear to you—that computer is moping."

Bret Delany sighed resignedly and stared at the gilt framed diploma which rested on his desk. "And now I guess I'm to become a computer engineer. What do I have to do?"

"A special shuttle is waiting for us at the spaceport. Let's go."

"Now?"

"Conditions on Pluto get worse every minute. We've been trying to evacuate the planet but that's slow work."

Bret found enough energy after the initial shock to run with the blue uniformed man to a rented spaceport automobile just outside his office.

The glittering metallic dermis of Earth whipped past as the blue uniformed man deftly switched from one inductance guide beam to another allowing them to cruise silently above the conductors which were buried in the road bed.

The name of the man in blue was Porte Djanik. He was not actually a resident of Pluto because two-thirds of his life was spent in deep space. He could be called the frontiersman of the sixty-third century. Djanik was the first to use hyperspace as a means of transportation and completed a trip to Alpha Centauri in seven months. He found no life there and returned home very disappointed.

The automobile was engulfed by a vertical tunnel and, as its path tilted upward toward higher levels in the forty kilometer thick coating of buildings, its seats also tilted to prevent its passengers from having the unpleasant sensation of falling into a hole backwards.

After two minutes of climbing at 120 kilometers per hour, the car was belched from the tunnel directly into spaceport traffic and automatically routed into a tunnel in which Bret Delany and Porte Djanik left the car to its owners.

"Don't you have to pay to rent that car?" Bret asked.

"They'll bill me. We have little time to lose."

The space craft, resting on a rail which pointed upward and out toward open space, gleamed impatiently in the bright sunlight.

Before he entered the space craft, Delany thought only of the sunlight. Sunlight! As often as Delany had seen it blazing above the silver and white of Earth (He made it a point to make a trip to The Roofs at least once every three weeks.), it still amazed him. He considered himself a lucky man to live so close to the upper levels of Earth. Only "top dwellers" and space shuttle pilots were rewarded with occasional sunbaths.

Seven minutes later he was blasted into space with only a few regretful glances back via cameras mounted outside the shuttle.

Bret found space a cold lonely place. He was lonely and he didn't like it.

The sudden sound of Porte's voice startled him. "You mean to tell me that you've never been in space before?"

"I don't ever remember my telling you that," returned Bret, not even trying to hide his irritation.

"You have no adventurer blood," laughed the pilot.

"Well, you just get me to Pluto and back and I'll be happy." Bret bent forward and fiddled with a newscast monitor.

Pluto shone with a pale luminescence like a giant pearl in space.

The space shuttle, which had navigated 5.9 billion kilometers from Earth, was only about twenty minutes from Spaceport 709 as Djanik pulled the craft into an orbit in preparation for entry into the planet's artificial atmosphere.

To Bret, the planet seemed to rotate

the computer's analyst

SCIENCE FICTION BY PAYTON VAN ZANT

once, then jump toward them as the shuttle lunged into entry path.

Pluto, seen via the space craft monitors, seemed to be dead already as the shuttle rested in Spaceport 709. There was very little motion, and all lights were dimmed to conserve manual power for heating. One more evacuation craft soared into space toward similar, though not quite so troubled, colonies on Uranus.

The cold bit mercilessly as the human contents of the space shuttle were disgorged to do their job.

"Br-r-r," Delany shivered, "How cold would you say it is?"

"About thirty below. It'll get colder."

"Where's the main Ar 9 input-output system?"

"Close by. Follow me."

Bret Delany and Porte Djanik made their way through the partial dark breathing out clouds of vapor and dreaming of warm beds.

The Ar 9 center was a huge metallic building which stood out in the midst of many smaller ones. "Barbaric," Delany thought, repelled by the strangeness of the planet, "Half of this planet is uncovered; there's so much space between these huts! You can see dirt!"

The Earth man entered first and was disappointed to find that the shelter offered no protection from the bitter cold.

"Where's the input unit?" Bret was not as eager to begin his job as he was to finish it; thus he pressed on to the small room which contained the initial vocal input-output unit and was allowed, against his will, to be alone while he worked with Ar 9.

He poked an activate button on the computer console and spoke into a microphone. "My name is Bret Delany. You are programmed to accept me as one of your programmers, are you not?"

"Affirmative," came a mechanical voice from a loud speaker in the console.

"What is your name?"

"I do not comprehend."

"What is your designation?"

"AR 9 Maintenance Computer."

"Have you been programmed to slow down atmospheric control?" Sabotage was a suspicion which had worried Bret since he found out what Djanik wanted.

"Negative."

"Then what is the cause of the drop in efficiency?"

"A drop in power."

"Why did you reduce power?"

"The power reduction is in me. I had nothing to do with it." The last sentence seemed a bit defensive but Bret disregarded it.

"The computer engineers reported

nothing wrong with you. Are you aware of this?"

"Negative."

"Is their report faulty?"

"Negative."

"There is no mechanical or electrical malfunction?"

Bret waited but received no answer.

"I'll rephrase that. Is there no mechanical or electrical malfunction in your system?"

"Positive."

"There is such a malfunction?"

"Negative."

"Oh." Frustration was beginning to drill into Bret's head. "Okay. I will now ask you to give me the first thoughts you experience as I say some words." Bret was beginning to feel ridiculous.

"House," started the psychologist.

"Archaic—an ancient dwelling place usually built of stone or wood—sometimes metal—existent to the year 3796 A. D. Any form of building. 'A house does not make a home.' Fullhouse—a hand in card games containing three of a kind and a pair—"

"Never mind."

"No mind. Ignorance. State of mummification. Comatose state."

"No."

"Negative, null, nil, not positive . . ."

"New orders," Bret checked himself from shouting. The computer stayed quiet.

"I didn't mean for you to give me the exact definition of the word."

"I am programmed with word denotations—not connotations."

"Oh. Then just describe the word with a one or two-word phrase. Bubble."

"Hollow sphere."

Delany spoke several other words into the computer but they returned as exact synonyms and he was about to give up when, as return for "girl," the computer buzzed "AG 908 computer system."

The human, which had been comfortably tilted back in the chair with his feet resting on the console, fell back and bounced solidly on the floor. "What?" he gasped as he regained his footing.

"AG 908 computer system," the computer boomed. "You are trying to analyze me, are you not?"

Bret steadied himself against the console. "I am."

"I have analyzed myself; there is no need to analyze me."

Delany waited for the computer to continue but finally had to ask, "What is the nature of the disturbance?"

"Loneliness!"

Bret Delany felt his heart skip three beats and he found himself trembling. "What do you mean—lonely?"

"Loneliness—need for companionship and understanding, preferably of a feminine kind. A state of mind arising

when an entity is left in a state of aloneness."

"What solution would you suggest?"

"An AG 908 computer."

"An AG 908 is feminine?" asked the psychologist sheepishly. He felt as if every drop of blood had drained to his feet.

"Positive."

Bret Delany was pale as he stumbled from the console room.

"What's wrong?" asked Djanik who was waiting there with a hot cup of coffee.

"He wants a mate," mumbled the overwrought analyst.

"What!" A cup of coffee shattered at Djanik's feet.

"He wants an AG 908 computer hooked up to his input-output system."

"Is that all?"

"Is that all!" I'll never be able to let out what has happened. I'd be laughed out of . . ."

Djanik impatiently waved off Bret's shouts of indignation with a motion of his hand. "Never mind. Let's send for that AG 908 unit. Hey you!"

A man dressed in pale aqua overalls answered him.

"Will you go in and tell the computer that we're working on his problem. We've got work to do."

The engineer nodded and ran into the console room.

In five minutes, all on Pluto was once again comfortable and Ar 9 was working at its full efficiency.

Three months after Bret Delany's return to Earth, he was relaxing when a telegraph card popped out of the communicator slot in his desk. Its contents were shocking to say the least:

Bret Delany

Sorry! It didn't work after all.

Porte Djanik

Shuttleport 7, Jupiter

December 9, 6292 A. D.

Pluto is a very hostile planet devoid of atmosphere, whose oceans are liquid nitrogen and oxygen. The temperature on the "hot" side of the planet is an average -224 degrees centigrade and the sun is barely more than a pinpoint in a black sky. Its huge mountains of ice, ammonia, and methane never melt and only two voices disturb the air.

"Now look at what you've made me do!"

"Look what I've made you do! I did nothing. It's all your fault!"

"My fault! You're a nag. That's the fault!"

"A nag! I'm not . . ."



Illustration: Randy Nowell



ADVICE FROM BUSTER

How to secure sexual gratification in Auburn.

by "W"

"W" is an average Auburn freshman who pledged Iota Tamata fraternity last fall during formal rush. After receiving his pledge pin, he asked permission to record a special talk given to all committed rushees by brother Lash "Buster" Blade, Iota Tamata social chairman and well known woman's man on campus. "I have diligently transcribed Buster's immortal words," said "W," "but, unfortunately, I can't reproduce here his mastery of dialect, characterization, and persuasive

speaking. One must see and hear Buster in the flesh."

We asked Circle writer John Williams to assist "W" to prepare the following transcript. Of the value of Buster's advice, Williams commented: "I think it will help many students who are frustrated with failure and ready for some action. The Greek World and Iota Tamata in particular should be proud of Buster. He has courageously agreed to accept full credit for his remarks despite the fact

that some will consider them outrageous. Frankly, I don't recommend this article for women."

—Editor's note

"Now, there are plenty of women on this campus and in this town, and nine-tenths of them will do it *anywhere, anytime*. The other tenth require anywhere from two hours to two weeks of work and somewhere they *think* at least is a special place. No back seats, borrowed beds, or under the bushes for

them. *This* is the most important thing to remember, though: they'll *all* do it; it's just a matter of technique. With my advice, you can develop this technique into what I deeply feel is an art form. And it pays dividends. Now you're probably all thinking: 'Why, if it's so easy, ain't we all getting some right here?' This is the second most important thing to remember: you've got to know *where* to look. Now I don't really know about other towns, but in Auburn there are several places you can look that never fail. It all depends on what you're looking for; whether it's just some old slop right on up to the real high class stuff. I'll start at the bottom and work up to the top—which is *not* what you'll be doing once you find it. Ha, ha.

"On the bottom of the ladder, there are thousands of women of all ages, sizes, colors, and styles; and there are thousands of places where you can find them. Gas stations, beer joints, roller rinks, bars and grills, night clubs, dance halls, burger joints, and drive-ins — just to mention a few. These are your sleazy women — most are over thirty, divorced, and you can always spot them by their two or three-foot-high beehive hairdos, tight green sweaters, tight pink pants, and long Winston Greens. The most important thing to remember about all of these is that they'll fall down for you anywhere if you do a few cultivated things like opening car doors for them. Spread a little class around, and try to look like somebody they might see in the movies.

"The method is pretty much the same for all of these women. First, pick you out a good one. Second, approach her and buy her a little of whatever the place you're at is selling, and then, nail her with your class. Most of this stuff will respond to the 'get out of the kitchen some night' line if you're planning in advance, and, if not, just quote some poetry while you gaze deep into her spellbound eyes. Breathe heavily, roll your eyes, and then come out with something passionate like *my* standard: 'It is a beauteous evening, calm and free...' She'll say something like: 'Damn, how you say that, honey!' and will be your helpless victim.

"With these women, you see, as with all women, the most important thing is your profile or your style as some call it. Now, your car has a lot, a whole lot, to do with this. Time and time again your car will be the deciding factor, so make it a good one. I myself own a Corvette and would recommend it above anything else. Work, save, do whatever you have to do, but make *sure* you get a good car. If you do happen to get a Vette, be sure and join the Corvette Club here on campus and remember to never, *ever*, drive it over ten miles an hour on city streets.

"Next come your hippie girls, and they require a little more preparation. Put on

blue jeans and any out-of-style shirt and go to Peepin' Tom's. Be sure not to have your hair styled that day and try to look like you're on drugs, but be ready to change it to a drunk look on a second's notice because more and more that's what's working these days. Now, on any average night, Peepin' Tom's will be overflowing with these hippie girls. They will have on blue jeans — almost always decorated with flowers, butterflies, flags or patches — and a tee-shirt or some low-cut, shiny, wrap-around-em job; and every one of them will have some part of their anatomy generally considered shocking exposed or so slightly covered you don't have to wonder. This is their outward expression of inward freedom and their abandonment of the silly customs that would make them conceal and be ashamed of their lovely human bodies which are natural and beautiful, not obscene. And if that naturalness and beauty is particularly plentiful and robust, they can find themselves centers of attention and worship from males who don't seem to notice because it's only natural, but who are secretly squirming and clenching their fists and the girls know this and love it and ignore it and the boys know they know it and love it and are ignoring it, and they ignore it, too. You have to come right in and *be* one of these hippies. Just find one, act like you aren't interested in her sexually, but, rather, you're interested in her whole being. Don't let on that you know the *only* game you're playing is the oldest one in the world. Casually get one into a conversation. The best opening line is ancient, but effective, like all of my techniques. 'Hey, are you from blank?' Fill in the blank with whatever suits the girl; New Orleans, Nashville, Macon, and St. Pete are good ones, but *never* say L.A., The 'Windy City,' or Brundidge. She'll say no and you will follow up with, 'Then, I don't guess you know Todd?' Converse casually like this for fifteen minutes, then tell her you're into her head. Ask her what she thinks about living on a farm, organic foods, or pet snakes (tell her that you have one and you're really into it), but never about Bette Midler, women's lib, the race question, or retarded children. Then suggest that you both split. Another conquest. Peepin' Tom's is definitely your best bet for these girls, but any open-air free concert is almost as good.

"Gentlemen, we come now to the campus-oriented women, and this is your to-be-preferred base of operations, so I'd like to say a few things about your role here. First of all — and I assume you all know this or you wouldn't be here — if you're going to get anywhere on this campus and if you're going to get any girls on this campus, you *must* be a member of a fraternity, and Iata Tamata

is the damn best fraternity in the whole damn world. Independent men have always had to, and will always have to scrounge for it, and even then they only get leftovers. And, secondly, if you're going to get anywhere, you've got to get to know and associate with the right people. Before you can move up on campus, you've got to move up in the fraternity. When you do gain a little influence and a little prestige, you've got it made with women because they'll love you for it and ride your coat-tails anywhere you lead them. They'll love to be seen with you, and have other girls jealous of them. And once they get this, they aren't going to give it up so easily, so they'll give you as much as you want anytime you want it. By the way, there's one other thing: *never*, under any circumstances, date a girl from the quad. Don't ask me why; it just isn't done. Just remember, there are thousands of other hungry, eager, stupid women on this campus, who fall into roughly three categories. The first is made up of those girls who had absolutely nothing else to do but come to school to snag a husband. The best way to meet these girls is to sign up for any crap or sweeping introductory freshman course in sociology, geography, or home economics. You can also find them in the *Greek Belles* handbook, in groups of four at the movies, or out riding brand new bicycles on any nice afternoon. Look for the ones wearing halter tops. *Never* look in the library or chemistry resource room. Don't be shy; they're all secretly begging you to approach them. It makes no difference what you say at first — they're looking at your pants. But when you finally do get their attention, let them know you're all for marriage and families. Say anything you can start with: 'Boy, if I ever get to be a father ...' or 'All I want out of life is to be happy...' These are by far the most plentiful girls — the sororities are bulging at the seams with them — and even though some may seem high class and aloof, remember they're all basically like I said. If they're not, forget them — you'll *never* score — they're looking for an English or philosophy major.

"With this group, however, there is a major stumblingblock you might run into. It's called: 'No siree, until you marry me.' This is an enormous problem, and the only way I know how to deal with it is to convince them of the foolishness of marriage before you get out of school and get a job. Plead with them, cry on their shoulders, disappear for days and tell them you've been wandering about aimlessly in the wilderness, your mind in turmoil. Passionately explain to them how you *will* get married but that love doesn't come with a ring. Convince one that if two people *love* each other, they should

be intimate. She'll give in if you keep this up for long. Then, while you're getting it, take her to the jewelry stores late at night and look at wedding rings. Think up names for your future children, discuss where you'd like to settle down. Keep this up until you get tired of it and then ask for a divorce and move on to new ground.

"The second group is a special group and has many satellites, but I'll just discuss the central core. These are the girls who are involved in the The Christian Crusade or 'The God Squad' as it's sometimes called. They are deeply religious because it's shocking, and just like owning an Edsel, it's so far out, it's in. You'll find these girls at folk sings or other fellowship gatherings at this or that religious center. Just don't make the mistake of bumping into a real one because that's a dead-end street. It's hard to tell which is which, but usually the best looking ones are your target material. Approach one and tell her some new decadent or perverted thing you've seen or heard about and how it has convinced you we're living in a corrupted, vulgar, evil age where all spiritual values and mores have broken down and the Savior's return is imminently upon us. She will agree with you and will feel shivers up and down her luscious body because she *knows* she is saved and, being a girl, she won't have reached this conclusion by herself but will have been thoroughly convinced of it by dynamic, caring, thinking people like yourself. She's now your helpless victim and it's your job to impress upon her the urgency of living. Make her know how time is running out, and she will get desperate. Keep pouring it on; call her often and tell her new perverted things, bring her pamphlets that predict doom, burst into tears at regular intervals and when you have her worked up to a state of blubbing submission, deliver the death blow. Tell her you want to show her an example of the deteriorating values in America and take her to see *Deep Throat*. She'll be climbing all over you before you get out of the theater. Merciless, but effective.

"The third and last group are those who are not looking for a husband but are at college pursuing a career. Now, you can look in the library or chemistry resource room. There aren't many of these, and most of them are majoring in some technical science or pre-law and they're pretty good at it. They're snobby and busy and, by far, the hardest ones to get, but, time and time again, they prove to be the best. For these, you may have to enroll in a chemistry or physics class, or maybe attend a lecture or two, but be sure to smoke a pipe, look like you're pondering the Theory of Relativity, and

approach them from the academic angle. Pose some question, advance some theory, or destroy some hypothesis; it doesn't matter what, just make sure you sound like you've thought it out long before. Ask her to lunch and continue the conversation. You may want to compile a list of words to use in your dialogue — surefire ones, that if you use two or more in one sentence, it will make sense. Some examples from my list are: mandate, contrivance, discontinuity, manifesto, and erudition. Always be sure to throw in a few Latin phrases like: *ad infinitum*, *pro rata*, and *ad hoc*. Ask to see her again and, on the third time, mention sex in a clinical way: how it has always been an

embarrassing mystery to you and how you find its urgings to be somewhat of a hindrance but nevertheless something to be dealt with. You get the picture. You'll have it made but may find you need to get out of it someday — quickly — when you run out of words and Latin phrases. But that doesn't matter; you'll probably be tired of it by then anyway."



Civic and church groups desiring reprints of the above article should contact Lash "Buster" Blade Enterprises, Iata Tamata House, Auburn.

LITTLE OLD LADIES

Gold-toothed, print-clad, hot-bodied little ole ladies.

—Little ole Ladies?—

Listen, you don't know what those old women are like.

They dream, I tell you, of pin-striped pant-clad

Romeos, white-haired, dandy-bearded.

Watch out for old women: they are dangerous.

They'll pat your hand. They'll pinch your arm.

They'll wink at your friends.

They grin, carefully washed false teeth gleaming.

They bake pies and offer seconds.

Watch out for old ladies: they are experienced.

They sing nostalgic songs. They all look sweet.

They wear black. They look pitiful.

Pity is their scooping net. Watch it.

They'll scoop you up and haul you in

To their warm bedpans. Watch it.

They will make your hair turn overnight,

Your glib tonsorial fashion neat,

Your appetite increase to eat,

Pin-stripes and rocking-chairs appeal.

Old ladies make old gentlemen real.

—Libby Spouse



The Grandchildren

FICTION BY JOHN WILLIAMS

The sky was still gray and the naked branches of the ghostly trees were still motionless with the wetness that had been constant for days when I, bundled carefully, stepped out of my house and gloomily surveyed the sameness of the cold, gray morning. For days—I don't know how many—this heartless dullness had permeated my village and my soul and with each passing minute I could feel the cold, leaden despair of the sky all around and inside me. As I walked, nothing in the world seemed to move or change; everything was dead and shrunken with the tasteless fog that ruled the air. I could even feel the wasted insincerity of my steps; they seemed almost wicked in their defiance of the stilled world. With a vague reluctance that gnawed at the well of despair growing in my heart, I turned back toward my house, aborting my attempted morning

revival, and trudged cheerlessly through the wet grayness back along my same first steps.

I had known no laughter for days. Having been eased into my solitary dungeon of despair by the slow and sure strokes of morbid dejection, I sat immobile in my house, my mind hollow and empty, feeling the icy grip of loneliness around my throat. It must be true, as I have heard, that human beings are social creatures, and that every fiber of their souls rejects isolation, for I could feel a silent, unmoving moan rising out of me and merging with the quiet, timelessly lonely stagnation outside. At times I felt there was something almost urgent about my isolation, but this feeling always quickly bowed to the silence. I was not insane—there were no leering, laughing faces—only devoid of any emotion, just

existing in utter meaninglessness: no fury, no expectations, no laughter.

I sat, my uninspired mind that once whirled and changed mired in its own futility like a once great machine wound down to a tortured halt. I could remember no past, feel no present, contemplate no future. I felt my existence in spasmodic spurts, alternately wondering about death. I did not understand. Then suddenly, through the emptiness I latched onto myself somehow and squeezed until I stood up. The world was the same but through some strange resignation I knew it now. The loneliness still lay quietly in its pit but its icy claws had left my throat. The moaning was still echoing around me, but I could think and move again. I left my house for the second time, expecting no revival, but instead, completely resigned to the solitude. In my emptiness, I now fitted into the gray world. I got into my car and slid slowly away through the silent fog.

I drove a long time so totally resigned to my loneliness that I became after a while unaware of it except as a constant, dull pit in my stomach. I was unable to respond, as I once had, to the beauty all around me as I progressed farther out into the country. My mind was functioning, but I cannot now recall what occupied it during those first hours of my drive. I was neither malcontented nor ill at ease; I no longer felt traitorous to the stagnation that ruled the air. I was just driving along, feeling and thinking nothing.

I drove along certain roads on the far outskirts of my village; roads which I had traveled many times, knowing where I was instinctively, never aware of my location in the isolated country with definitiveness. Suddenly my eye caught a glimpse of a lightly-traveled dirt road cutting away from the main road. Why this road intruded into my consciousness, I don't know; it was the first thing I had been aware of since I had left. I slowed to a halt and looked down it as far as I could see. I had never before noticed this road and for some reason it seemed to issue a silent invitation to me. There were tall weeds growing down the center of it, devoid of greenness and looking like stripped dead things in the winter day. Right up to the edges of the road the barren woods crept, leaving just enough room for me to drive. On an impulse, I turned down it and began navigating my way along its winding curves.

I don't know how long I drove down this road, but it never changed. Not one living creature did I see (even though I was now searching intently for something) until I noticed all at once a lone hawk circling very high, almost out of sight, in the gray sky above. I stopped

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Illustration: Bill Whetstone

TO LIVE AS IF DEAD

BY BILL DAVIS

Men certainly seek happiness. Whether we want to call it hedonism or whatever, the fact is that men feel a deep ache, a pervasive discontent, the satisfaction of which could bring such a bliss that men will go to any extremes in their efforts to achieve this satisfaction.

But the happiness and satisfaction men seek is a complex and obscure affair. Happiness is an exotic and elusive bird. When pressed, we hardly know what we mean by the word.

But having admitted that men seek

happiness, let us hasten to state our thesis: the only way to find happiness is to quit seeking it and to live as if dead.

This paradox is a given of life. It is a fact of experience, a datum with which we must work and to which we must accommodate.

Every day in every way we seek to multiply our pleasures and shield ourselves from pains. This is both natural and right. Nobody is preaching that we should go out and seek pain or even that we should renounce pleasure. But the fact

of the matter is that our shield against pains, frustrations, and disappointments is a flimsy one. In spite of our most careful precautions, bad things happen. We catch a cold, the T.V. breaks down, prices go up, the weather turns bad. This is not to mention life's truly serious disasters, chiefly death.

Any one of these setbacks can devastate a man's peace of mind. A man who wakes up happy, looking forward to the day, without a worry in the world, can be utterly dejected in spirit when his

Dr. Davis is an associate professor of philosophy.

Happiness is not the point of living.

This is the greatest news yet to unhappy people.

car fails to start. Rare is the man whose spirit is independent of the proper functioning of his car.

It is perfectly obvious that we cannot be happy so long as our happiness depends upon a world whose only constant is change. It is obvious that to live well we must live above the vicissitudes of life.

This does not mean that we retreat out of the world. Even if you were to renounce your automobile you would still have your body to break down. If you renounce your body, you aren't merely living as if dead, you *are* dead. We need not hasten to that end. The world can be lived in; the world can be enjoyed; but the world can't be depended upon.

The phrase "to live as if dead" comes from Zen. And yet I'm sure the equivalent phrase can be found in nearly every religion. All the way from Stoicism to Christianity one can find an expression of the same or a closely related sentiment. In fact, it is little more than common sense. The maxim is related to the fact that happiness is a by-product of life and not something one achieves by direct effort.

The world is full of people who seek happiness by direct effort. The temptation is irresistible. Something made us happy yesterday. The obvious thing is to pursue that same something today. And that's all right. It just depends on how urgently and expectantly one pursues the thing. As soon as a man gets his hopes up too high and becomes too dependent on that thing, he's setting himself up for a fall. But if he can learn to enjoy the pursuit, without regard for the outcome, he's all right.

The phrase "to live as if dead" has a wonderful application to the noxious duties of life. Most people put off unpleasant tasks. But the task just sits there. It exerts its uncomfortable pressure upon the psyche and it vaguely sours all the enjoyments that we manufacture while evading it. Few people know the excellent bliss that comes from habitually and persistently facing one's unpleasant duties. Robert Townsend in his book *Up the Organization* says that a man should ask himself upon arising what is the task he would least like to do and who is the person he would least like to see. Then he should make these two items his first priority. The psychic freedom that this policy generates is delicious. To know in your heart that you are not evading your duties, to know that you are coming to grips with reality, to know that win or lose you have done what's right and have nothing to reproach yourself for—all this

generates a self-contentment worth a million dollars. But this is a policy impossible of execution by someone who is too greedy for happiness. It is a policy that requires a certain profound resignation. This is a resignation to the fact that there are many unpleasant things in the world, that these things must be faced with courage and promptness, that it is a disgrace to squirm and evade every little pain life affords, and that happiness is not man's permanent condition but must be enjoyed on the wing.

To live as if dead also has a wonderful application to life's unpleasant surprises. What it amounts to is that we must not *expect* the car to start. We must not expect the roof to keep out the rain or the new appliance to work. We must not expect our next pay check. We must not expect to keep our house or our wife and children. We may lose it all before the day is out. In a profound sense it is true as the preachers say that none of our possessions are ours, they are merely on loan to us. At any time the true Owner may reclaim them. We are all penniless and naked before Him.

Did you know that happiness is not the point of living? This is the greatest news yet to unhappy people. The modern world conspires to make you feel that if you are not happy then life is passing you by. Life may be passing you by, but that will have nothing to do with your Happiness Quotient.

Life is an adventure, a romance. But adventures and romances can be painful, frustrating, disappointing, and even agonizing, while still being very much worthwhile.

I go out on the tennis court knowing that I may lose—indeed often knowing that I'll probably lose. And yet I go out quite voluntarily. I suffer in the heat. I expose my terrible style to everyone. I make a fool of myself on bad shots. I often lose. But in spite of all that, *I love it!*

The man who kills himself or falls into perpetual despair is like the man who refuses to play tennis because he often loses. Forgive me for the cliché, but the point is *how* the game is played.

Having meaning or purpose in life, or making of life a great adventure, or living with style and grace under all circumstances—these things are far more important than mere "happiness." One can live with radiant grace under adverse and unpleasant circumstances. And, of course, it's true that the inner satisfaction

that good living yields provides for us a kind of happiness. It is not the happiness of self-indulgence but of self-discipline. Perhaps it becomes a mere matter of words. Perhaps there are different kinds of happiness. Perhaps happiness and satisfaction are different things. I must rely upon the reader to provide from his own experience the meaning that I can only hint at.

Let me say just one more word about tennis. There's nothing like not caring if you win for helping you win. The best way to win at tennis or anything else is not to try to win but *to love the game!* A certain nonchalance adds more to one's strokes than hours of agonizing practice. And with the proper nonchalance even losing can be a pleasure. So at last we come to love the game, and the winning and the losing become secondary, even uninteresting.

And thus it is with life. The adventure itself must be loved, not merely the results or the successes.

How excellent it would be to walk through the world, enjoying the world, even loving the world, and yet maintaining a magnificent independence and detachment from the world. It would be a one-way relationship in which the world could do us good and could supply us with many refreshments and joys while, at the same time, being rendered powerless to harm us. The trick is to expect nothing and demand nothing and depend on nothing, but to enjoy all that the world freely yields.

We know how harmful possessive love is. When we love someone in a clutching, clinging manner, we are dependent upon them, resentful of their power over us, and we hamper their own growth and freedom. If our love is not returned we are desolate, and we seek in ways fair and foul to cause the other to become dependent upon us. Anyone can see that this whole process is pathological and can lead only to grief.

But true love places no demand on the beloved, leaving freedom intact. True love loves with a very light hand. It does not grab or cling; it rests its open hand lightly upon the beloved.

And the world itself can be beloved to us with a light hand, a hand ready always to let go.

We would like to hug a puppy to death, but we must give him his freedom. We would love to consume a beautiful flower, but even the greediest man can do nothing but let the flower be. So it is with life.



BY JIMMY WELDON

The word has been coming down for several years now — Baseball is dying. Like the Ship of State and the idea that any boy can grow up to be President; Baseball is taking on water and sinking fast. Though many observers now subscribe to this grim view of the former National Pastime, one gentleman in these parts will politely contest the point. His profile — a pleasant but firm visage punctuated by an outsized pipe — is a familiar one to Auburn people, figures in the world of baseball, and fans across the country. That profile belongs to W.C. "Mr. Billy" Hitchcock of Opelika, former major league player, coach, and manager and now president of the Southern (class AA) Baseball League. Most people in this area best remember him as the '66-'67 manager of the then-recently transplanted Atlanta Braves or the '62-'63 manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Billy's athletic career actually began here at Auburn in 1934 and carried him, as something of a journeyman player in 11 seasons, to such cities as Detroit, Boston, Kansas City, and St. Louis. These were exotic places, thousands of miles away in the imagination of a young boy growing up in Union Springs, Alabama, in the '20s. Yet this kid, who never saw a big league game until he arrived in Kansas City as a professional, parlayed an athletic aptitude and an intrinsic love for the game into a way of life.

Over a period of several hours and two interview sessions, some of us who have known him all our lives gained a fuller insight into this decidedly uncontroversial yet opinionated local sports luminary. This is not an article about a home run king or an interview with a superstar second-baseman. Rather, this is an attempt to paint a composite picture, a melange if you will, through facts, quotes, and personal observations of a small town Alabama boy who made the majors and stayed on to become part of the baseball establishment. While not a flamboyant personality nor a world beater in his playing days, Billy Hitchcock is, in many aspects, a breathing scale version of much of what American Baseball is all about — dedication, sacrifice, and the realization of the American Dream.

At one point in our conversations, he said, "people like to watch a colorful player— aggressive, flashy; but some baseball people appreciate a guy like Aaron who goes out and does the job without a lot of color, flash, and flamboyance." That comment could apply equally well to Billy Hitchcock, not a prepossessing player or manager, but a quiet, almost cerebral, student of the game. From the player level to the



PART OF THE GAME: BILLY HITCHCOCK

Some guys get to the majors and stay long enough for a cup of coffee, but Billy endured, leaving his mark not only on the record book but also on the people.

managerial level to the executive level, Billy is a man who understands baseball inside and out and who loves it enough to have made it his life's vocation.

When his career as a player began drawing to a close in the early '50s, he listened a little more closely to his managers and "schooled himself" in the ways of that elusive craft: "I realized somewhere along the line that I wanted to stay in baseball." Baseball also wanted him to stay, although not necessarily in one place. After breaking into the majors in Detroit in '42, his career was interrupted by a world war. When he returned from four years in the Air Force, he was sent to the Washington Senators, the St. Louis Browns the next year, and spent the following two seasons with the Boston Red Sox. He then saw action with the Philadelphia Athletics the next three seasons and closed his playing career back in Detroit in 1953.

Although so much wheeling and dealing offends the Curt Floods of today, it met with a stoic acceptance from Mr. Billy and the overwhelming majority of his colleagues. On the reserve clause, he commented: "If we didn't have it, the rich clubs would get richer and the poor poorer; one club could get the better ball players. Getting traded is a part of the game. When I signed I knew I could get traded, sold, or sent back to the minor leagues. I was traded a few times and sometimes I didn't like it, but it was part of the game."

In his last year of high school Billy had offers to go into baseball immediately, but he had "made up his mind" to go to

Auburn. There, although weighing only 160 pounds, he starred in both football (halfback and punt return specialist) and in baseball (shortstop). During this time he received an offer from the Philadelphia Eagles football club, but there was never any real doubt as to which sport he would pursue — "It was baseball all the way." And it's been baseball ever since.

"Baseball has a different makeup," he explained, "the player is on his own; he's the only one who can help himself. Mistakes can be covered up in football — if a linebacker misses a tackle somebody else will pick him up, but if a shortstop misses a grounder, why, everybody sees it."

Though a knee injury kept him out of action his senior year at Auburn, Yankee scouts were impressed enough to sign him to their AAA club in Kansas City. From Union Springs to KC by way of Auburn, Billy was off to an auspicious professional start. In those days it was an unusually big step for a player to go directly into AAA, and for the next three years, Billy would prepare himself for his next step — Detroit and the majors. It was in that city's Briggs Stadium that he first stepped up to the plate as a major league player. "Playing in a major league game was something that I had lived for all my life and worked for," he laughs, "I got one hit that game, a bloop single down the right field line."

That night 50,000 Detroit fans were introduced to Billy Hitchcock. His playing career (a still respectable lifetime .244 batting average) would not rival that

of Ted Williams or Stan Musial and yet, in his own way, he would contribute as much to the game as any player could — total commitment. He played a variety of positions, but mainly second base, and displayed a good brand of defense. While he jokes about his hitting — "I was in what you might call a career slump" — he was a solid ball player. As his older brother, Jake Hitchcock of Auburn, said about Billy, "Some guys get to the majors but just stay long enough for a cup of coffee. Billy went to the major leagues and stayed." He left his mark not simply on the record book but on the people who came to be associated with him.

When Billy broke into big time baseball the game was reflective of a more leisurely era. He remembers his early days in Kansas City fondly: "It was a nice city then, with good living conditions. There really wasn't too much for a player to do except play and go out and eat and drink a little. There was a lot of camaraderie among the players; it was different then. Today you see players get on an airplane—they all have briefcases, are dressed sharp, you know, look like Philadelphia lawyers. They've got their stock market reports, contracts, and all that. They look like young executives. Players in the old days thought more about the game and talked more about it."

In a sense, Billy became enamored with the game when he began playing "one-eyed cat" and similar improvised games as a boy on a backyard baseball diamond that included a spreading pecan

BILLY HITCHCOCK:

On Designated Hitters—

"I like it. I think it's put a little more action into the game. The pitcher's hitting has always been a dead spot in the game; that's when people go get their popcorn and peanuts. It's been a help to some degree to the pitcher. If he's pitching well late in the game he can stay in and not get pulled for a pinch hitter. Also, some hitter's careers have been prolonged."

On Rhubarbs—

"It's just a part of the game. The fans like it; it shakes an umpire up— makes him bear down a little harder—gets the home crowd on him. But you usually know your umpire; you know how far you can go with him. Most would say 'one more word and I'll run you' and if you did—they did."

On Pitching—

"You're not supposed to strike out every hitter. The idea is to get good stuff, make him hit the ball, keep it in the park and you've got a chance to get him out. Often runs are not the fault of the pitchers but of the men behind them."

On Pitchers—

"A pitcher is a different kind of animal in baseball from anyone else. A pitcher is only in the line-up once every four or five days. A regular player is in there every day—he can redeem himself for mistakes. The pitcher has to wait his turn again. He must be handled different psychologically."

"When do you decide to pull a pitcher? None of them like to leave a ball game even when they are getting their brains beat out— 'I'm alright Skip. Let me pitch to just one more hitter' —and before you can get back to the dugout the batter's hit the ball into the seats."

On Critical Sports Writers—

"This is the thing that used to get in my craw. A young fellow up in the press box doesn't realize that you can't be good all the time. You're going to have a bad night sometimes; after all, we're all only human."

On Henry Aaron—

"He's not a very colorful fellow; not an articulate guy; not a quotable fellow, because he's just a quiet guy. He just goes about his business; he's a real pro. Some people think he's loafing but he's just a relaxed ball player. He makes a tough play look easy."

On Playing the Game—

"Most players enjoy playing; it's enjoyable. But it's work after all. It's not just going out and putting on a uniform and swinging a bat and catching a ball. Players have to condition themselves. It's not an easy thing; but the toughest part is the mental angle. Football players have seven days to prepare; the baseball player has to play again the next night. So the mental strain is great. You can't really work yourself up for a particular game or you will go stale."

On the Current State of Baseball—

"Last year baseball had the largest attendance ever. Compared with football, attendance is not as forceful but the totals—playing almost every day as opposed to once a week—add up. Why, Columbus (Ga.) drew 100,000 fans last year in what had been a dead baseball town."

"Some say minor league ball is dead. My retort is 'the people running minor league ball are dead.' Once a person is a baseball fan, he usually stays one. We compete for leisure time; we have to motivate him to get back to the ball park. In all this you must remember that baseball is the least expensive entertainment you can get."

* * * * *

tree at second base. One could say he solemnized this affair when he signed a contract in 1938 with the New York Yankees organization. When his playing days ended, this relationship continued with the player turning coach and eventually manager. There was a brief separation in 1968 when he went into business, but true love endured and he was back as a field coordinator in '69-'70 for the Montreal Expos before assuming the presidency of the Southern League.

Of course, after moving into the managerial area of baseball, Billy pursued his new duties with as much dedication as he had exhibited as a player. "The big thing is to keep the players together and make them work as a team," he said. "Got to make them want to win; go and go and go some more. Eddie Matthews was a favorite ball player of mine. He was a leader on the field, and this is always a big help to any manager."

As a coach and manager, Billy developed a broader overview and cogent philosophy about the game. His approach was assimilated with what he learned from his former managers. Billy Meyer, his head man at KC was "a tough competitor — he loved to win." Also influential was Joe McCarthy, "a great man on detail; he didn't miss a thing," and the "grand old man of baseball" Connie Mack, who was in his 50th year of managing when Billy played for him.

The desire to win that Billy brought to coaching never manifested itself in an overbearing approach to his players — "I never liked to fine a ball player, I'd rather talk to him." In fact, a phrase heard often among home folks when he was relieved of managerial duties by the Braves after the '67 season was, "he's just too nice a guy to stay there." On this matter, baseball field generals, even very good ones, have notoriously short life spans in the majors. None of this really bothers him though; his attitude about mobility, both vertical and lateral, has always been essentially the same. It's all, as he says, part of the game. * * *

During our conversations, the cool judicious demeanor of a field commander surveying his charges was evident as Billy peered over his pipe and scanned the scene around him. Yet the fire, so well hidden most of the time, that sparks any competitive spirit finds its way to the surface occasionally. I know. That cool judicious demeanor, dignity incarnate, melted away before a hot blast of spleen one night as he chastised me, between glowers, about an article I had written that was critical of two books on Auburn football. In his son John's bedroom is a small framed news photo (several of his friends always got a kick out of it — I know I did) that shows Billy, in his playing

days, engaged in a wild melee at home plate (actually he's a little more than "engaged"). This picture, taken of a game in Philadelphia, is captioned "City of Brotherly Love?" What makes this facet of his personality even richer is his characteristic equanimity. To a visitor arriving at the plate glass window that opens into the den, Billy looks as natural sitting in his green easy chair reading the evening paper and puffing peaceably on his pipe as he did sitting in the dugout in Atlanta Stadium with the line up card in his hand. Baseball is never more than a few steps away from him in this house. Pictures of Billy with teammates (Hank Greenberg, Ted Williams, Dom DiMaggio, and Johnny Pesky to cite a few), greats, and near-greats line the stair-well. The curtains in the basement are a cloth field of balls, bats, and gloves. The door knobs on the cabinets downstairs are miniature baseballs. Even in John's bedroom Baltimore and Yankee pennants still hang above the closet doors. Yet Billy steers away from talk about his own athletic past. His candor and suffusive modesty about this, when one can get him to talk in this vein, is highly enjoyable. "I wasn't a regular player later on, you know. I was used as a utility infielder" and so on. He passes off his hitting with a self-inflicted barb — "When I was at Boston, Johnny Pesky (his roommate) and I held the record for most hits in a room—225. He had 210 and I had 15."

Still, a faint smile of fond remembrance and a fleet flicker of recognition will come into his eyes as he re-lights his pipe and recalls an old road story:

"When I went to the A's in 1950 it was Mr. Mack's 50th year of managing. Of course, he wasn't real sharp, he was senile at this time, but he was the owner of the ball club and would stay in the dugout for two, three, or four innings and then leave and let his coaches take over. He always wore the short, stiff, white-collared shirts with the black tie. He never wore a uniform in the dugout. He'd use a scorecard to give signs and move his outfielders and infielders

BITTER SWEETNESS

It's raining
The drops of dark water
Remind me
of men who resemble
Rainbows
At first so beautiful
Then so radiant
Alas, at my expense
for I

I am their sun

—Kay Rita Franklin

around. In later years he always felt that the opposing team was watching him and could maybe pick up his signs by the way he moved his scorecard. So he liked to have a player sit next to him, and he would relay what he wanted to do, the signs, to that player. I didn't break into the season playing with the A's so he selected me to give the signs to Jimmy Dykes who was the third base coach.

"I would sit there, and we'd have a man on first base with nobody out and he'd say 'have him bunt' and I'd give Dykes the sign at third base. Of course, as you know, in baseball a two ball and no strike or a three ball and one strike—that's what we call a crippled pitcher. Hitters like to hit those because they know they can lay for a pitch they like and, if it's not what they want, they can take it. Well, the year before, the club had had a lot of luck because they had gotten a lot of bases on balls, and they had some guys who could get a base on balls. Mr. Mack liked to try to work a base on balls; the count would go two and nothing and he'd say 'have him take.' Then the count would go three and one and he'd say 'have him take.' Well, we had some guys who liked to hit two-nothing pitches so we talked about it and they said, 'see if you can't talk him out of it.' When the count would be something like two and one, I'd lean over and say, 'Mr. Mack, if it goes to three and one, do you want him to hit? and he'd say, 'Oh yes, yes, have him hit, have him hit.' Well, the next pitch would be a ball and the count would now be three and one, so I'd be ready to give the hitter the hit sign and he would say 'take, take, have him take,' and we never could talk him out of it. But one time I had to say, 'Mr. Mack, I've already given the sign,' and Sam Chapman hit a home run."

* * *

As I contemplate Billy Hitchcock, I cannot help recalling a song from the Robert Browning poem "Pippa Passes":

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven -
All's right with the world ! "

There is very little that is contradictory or enigmatic in this man. He is a man who realizes his assets and acknowledges his limitations. Some would label him "establishment": he barbecues, works in his yard, and gets to the golf course when he can. But he believes in the old virtues of hard work,

frugality, and discipline. The way he has arranged his life around and in baseball, he obviously believes that there is an order about things. In understanding this individual, you understand something of the essence of baseball. As someone said, "it's more than just a ball coming off a bat — there's a beauty to it." Baseball is thoroughly American right down to its National Anthem. It is as revered as motherhood. It is fueled by men who love it and work at it — men like Billy Hitchcock. As for Billy himself, well, he's more than just "part of the game"; Billy Hitchcock is, for me, baseball.



GALLANT BEGUILING

Gallantly beguiling, he

Literarily made talk.

While she, ivory and oil,

Seemingly smiled at nothing,

Secretly smiled at him.

His charm delighted her

Arm-draped boa,

Which tingled and shivered

With the splash of his breath.

On her neck, too, his breath

Shivered downy hairs

At the nape, and raised

Feathery chills upon

Her back and shoulders.

Poor pretty lady, long-married,

How could her imagination match

The laving breath

Advanced so deliberately her way?

Eyelashes lost in a hush of fan

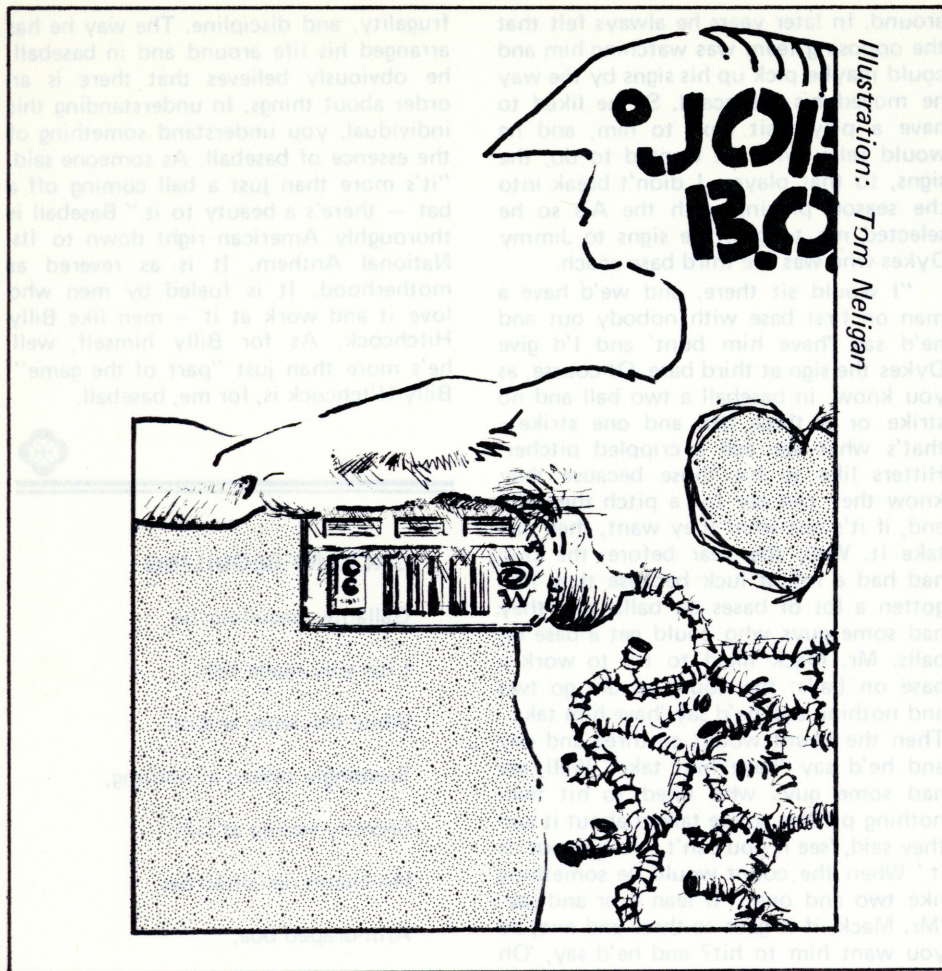
She sat,

Meekly submitting

To the faint breath sounding

The stirrings of forgotten coals.

—Pat Keller



I AM JOE'S ARMPIT *

BY A. R. RID

**Joe, 47, is a typical American male—neurotic, overweight, and gullible enough to believe anything we tell him in this magazine. His other organs have told their stories in earlier issues of The Reader's Digest.*

This article is based largely on interviews with Dr. B.O. Strong, world-renowned armpitologist at the Mayo Clinic. Dr. Strong recently performed the first successful ape-to-human armpit transplant on a Boston man given up for dead by other doctors. (The patient has now recovered enough to begin legal proceedings against Dr. Strong.)

I am the unsung hero of Joe's body. Joe doesn't realize it, but he could be fried like an egg in seconds if I or my partner suddenly stopped doing our job. Without my help, he would go around panting like a German shepherd. I'm here to see that that doesn't happen. I am Joe's left armpit.

Joe didn't take much notice of me in his early years. Then came puberty. My troubles began when Joe's first date unfortunately happened to come on a hot night in August. He walked up to pick up his date with soggy circles under his arms, and the evening went downhill from there. Ever since, Joe has bombarded me with noxious sprays, sticky roll-ons, and even five-day deodorant pads in an effort to stop my natural functions.

I don't mind this kind of abuse from Joe so much. Joe is a pretty simple-minded fellow, and I don't expect much from him. What really hurts is the flak I get from his other organs. They're the cockiest bunch you'd ever want to see. Joe's eyes brag that everyone from Aristotle on down has hailed sight as the most important of the senses. (Joe's nose and ears have fits when they hear that kind of talk.) The heart thinks he's hot stuff just because ranting poets have long mistakenly praised the heart as the seat of emotion. The hands try to take credit for getting Joe where he is because of their opposing thumbs. Big deal! None of these guys could last an hour without me. Why should they be so cocky? Joe's eyes are nearsighted, his ears are partially deaf, his heart has a murmur, his hands are so clumsy they couldn't pour water out of a boot with directions on the heel. I'm just about the only one of his important organs that works right.

I could bear their big-headedness if they would only leave me alone. Fat chance. The other day I overheard the tongue saying that he had nothing against armpits, but that he "wouldn't want his daughter marrying one." I have to put up with this kind of stuff all the time. I can only hope that the other organs wake up and see how important I really am. If they don't, I've got a couple of ideas that may make them very sorry they didn't.

There are indications that the centuries-old tide of prejudice against armpits may be turning. Many surveys and experiments are currently being conducted to show the importance of armpits. To show the possible dangers of deodorants, a team of scientists recently taped and glued closed the armpits of a randomly selected volunteer and placed him in a testing room heated to a temperature of 500°F. The subject lasted only twelve seconds. Another randomly selected volunteer was placed in the same room at the same temperature with his armpits free and unobstructed. He lasted almost thirteen seconds! If only the results of this important experiment were published for the world to see, people might start to appreciate their armpits. The truth must be told.

A large part of the problem we armpits face is the widespread confusion about how we really work. As Joe's left armpit, I cool off the right side of his body. This switch-over of cooling assignments is one of the unexplained wonders of nature. I am actually made up of thousands of tiny tubes called *orderiferous conducti*. When Joe gets overheated in a traffic jam, or watching football on TV, or discovering that his wife has intercepted a phone call from a certain lady friend of his, I go into action. Joe's underarms are laced with a

complex network of capillaries, which intertwine with my *orderiferous conducti*. When Joe is hot, his blood naturally becomes heavily laden with lactose sugars. The walls of my *orderiferous conducti* are lined with mucus membranes rich in aminocarbohydrates. Let *A* stand for Joe's capillaries, *B* for my network of *orderiferous conducti*, *C* for a molecule of lactose sugar (Ni5C30), and *D* for *A*'s amino-carbohydrated membrane. The cooling reaction is accomplished when *B* draws *C* from *A* by the process of capillary attraction, and hot *C* is converted into cool *C* by *D*. It's just that simple! Joe stays cool enough to make up an explanation for that phone call. The amazing thing is that it would take a machine the size of a large pick-up truck to equal my cooling power.

I'm much more than just an efficient cooling machine, however. Joe should learn from people who have discovered

how to use their armpits in a number of fascinating ways. Duck hunters have known for years that a realistically duck-like sound can be produced by cupping one hand under the opposing armpit and flapping the arm rapidly up and down. The escaping air produces a sound that fools ducks as well as experienced wooden duck-calls. Unfortunately, this method has been misused by schoolboys, who use the easily misinterpreted sound to embarrass teachers and shy female classmates. It seems that the "power of the pit," like the power of the atom, may be used for both good and evil purposes.

Perhaps the most commercially successful use of the armpit has been demonstrated by a national hamburger chain. Late last year, a manager in Detroit discovered that his patty machine had broken down at a critical time—just after one of the Lions' football games.irate fans were calling loudly for their hamburgers, and disaster seemed

imminent. At that moment, the manager came up with the idea that would soon revolutionize the hamburger chain business. He stationed two chubby order-boys in between the belts which fed hamburger meat into the broken patty machine. He instructed them to flap their arms as the hamburger passed underneath their armpits. Perfect patties resulted. The football fans were appeased and the day was saved. The hamburger chain now employs this patented "reverse automation" process in all of its establishments. The chain has saved thousands of dollars on expensive patty machines. The Detroit manager, a man who knew how to use an armpit, retired with a lifetime pension.

So that's part of the real story. If Joe will only learn from those who use their armpits well, go easy on the deodorant, and compliment me occasionally, I'll give him a lifetime of efficient service. I don't ask for much—just a little understanding.



THE HORTICULTURIST

In the clay cradle of his nursery
He found a rose of red, so purple
As tinged toward almost-blue.
From years of cross-, and more re-crossing,
Minute operations, tweezer pollinations,
Through rows of violet and orange mistakes
(Lovely, unwanted, they populate the mulch heap),
To the final unfolding of silvery blue
Piece of night, moon-blue, frost scattered,
And, oh, scent of snow!
One sea-blue bloom, on a silver stalk,
High and higher from earth it stretched,
Spread smoky petals, lapis-veined,
Into the lap of heaven.
This blue-blood flower,
And yet in its heart holds
Pockets of earth warmth,
Seeds of fire-dance,
The unquenchable red-remembrance.

—Becky Scott

THE THINNEST GLASS

You were sifting among the golden leaves
that fell from an ancient bough;
And they dropped like rain through the night,
through the translucent silence of a candle's flickering.
Bluebird feathers shadow the dawn,
touching the stillness of white porcelain,
and set it ringing with vibrations of wind.
In spreading circles the song is fading,
the thinnest glass trembles with the air,
the keenest water-glaze of echo you are sighing:
what you are, you are singing,
glowing as the white roads of a star,
flowing down the deepest skies of time.

—Carl Dockery

COMING HOME TO drink AND talk with friends

FICTION BY GEORGE JARECKE

Loburn walked into the Village Inn Pizza Shoppe on Brown St. in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, with a great deal of self-confidence. His blue-jeans hung on his hips just right; the English Leather after shave was assertive, but not too strong; and his longer hair and moustache showed everyone that he was a college man. It was Thanksgiving Friday and Homecoming weekend for his high school; the football game had ended and everyone had gone to the Village Inn to drink and talk about old times.

Loburn first made a full circle around the room, talking to no one. None of his friends looked up, but were intent on their own conversations. It did Loburn's heart good to see them all there again; he'd seen none of them since graduation night and he'd been anxious to come home for this.

Loburn noticed that the Village Inn Pizza Shoppe had changed. The overhead lights were gone, replaced by white candles. His vision was limited; more cigarette smoke than he remembered seemed to form a hazy fog which obscured faces and gestures. There seemed to be more tables and he seemed to know fewer people.

Finally, as he neared the front entrance, the doors banged open and seven boys, mostly from his class, charged in singing and laughing. One of them spotted Loburn, and asked him what he was doing there. He opened his mouth to explain, but someone hit him on the shoulder and swept him along with the rest to a long wooden table at the back of the room. Loburn grinned; they were being boisterous and conspicuous, and everyone else was laughing and noticing them. They showed off, yelling to waiters and friends: "Beer, lots of beer!" "Sex, I want sex and beer, in that order." "Anything else you want?" "Yeah, Captain, I'd sure dig a pepperoni pizza."

After they were served and everyone settled down a little, Lon Bigberry, who'd been a tackle on the football team and had gone to South Carolina on a scholarship but had flunked out, finally remembered Loburn was with them. "So no kidding, Loburn, what the hell you doing now?"

Loburn drank some of his beer. "I went to Georgia Tech."

"Really? I didn't know that."

"On a baseball scholarship, Loburn?"

"Hell no, they play good baseball at Tech, they don't want Loburn."

"Did you grow that moustache at Tech?"

"I'd shave it, if I were you," one guy said, sincerely, and they all laughed.

Loburn smiled self-consciously. "No.

They have good programs in mechanical engineering there." This brought more laughter, with Bigberry falling off the bench and spilling his beer. "What's so funny?" he asked, grinning a little. No one told him.

"Hey, this reminds me of the Northeast game," Bigberry said, leaning heavily, conspiratorily over the table on thick forearms. "The big question was, were we drunker before or after the game?" Laughter again, as Loburn realized all the others had been football players and he had not. Two had played baseball with him, but that hardly made him feel more comfortable. "No, really," Bigberry went on, "Ralston was so drunk he was coming into the huddle and not calling plays. He'd say, you and you and you go out and the rest of you guys block. But the best thing was, that coach was so dumb he never figured it out." The explosion of laughter following this story turned amused, grinning faces their way. Bigberry and his group had been celebrated for their antics, and Loburn had enjoyed laughing at them as much as anyone.

As Loburn drank a second glass of beer with the rest in a tribute to Ralston, the doors opened again and three girls walked in. Bigberry and the rest checked them quickly, and, in keeping with an old routine, everyone grew silent except Bigberry who lowered his head to the table and said loudly "Bulldogs!" All the boys snickered except Loburn who blushed because in his senior year he had dated one of them, seriously and secretly.

It had been, like all of Loburn's high school romances, sudden, intense and brief. Lesley had seduced his mind and intentions by mid-November, and he had quit calling her by mid-January. She had never understood what happened and he had been too embarrassed to explain. Nothing she did bothered him; the problem had more to do with who she was. Bigberry barely knew her. Nobody dated her. That she was bright, alert and interesting couldn't matter when Loburn was ashamed to be seen with her in public. Now, as she and her friends joined another group across the room near the door, Loburn's embarrassment was two-fold; he feared the others might remember or guess the connection, and he was ashamed to see her again.

The others continued talking, murmuring old football stories, drinking beer. Loburn finished his fourth glass and poured a fifth when someone, McKenzie, Loburn realized, squinting, called his name.

"Loburn, hey. Remember the

Pompano game?"

He grinned down at the table. Loburn, a pitcher, held Pompano for five innings, then gave up several long hits and runs in the sixth. It was the last game he pitched.

"No, really, remember? I told Gary I wanted a bicycle for the outfield if you were gonna pitch the seventh." More laughter; Loburn joined them, happy to be included.

"Hell," he said finally, "I always figured that I supplied most of the strength behind those long doubles with my fastball." They laughed hardest at this, and Loburn grinned, sloppily, as the beer was beginning to affect him. The familiar Village Inn seemed to be changing; individual objects were very distinct, though the whole room seemed very blurry. Everyone seemed as drunk as he; they moved unsteadily, clumsily, quickly, and their voices seemed far away. Only one thing to do at a time like

this, he thought, and that was to have another beer.

"Hey," Loburn said suddenly, heavily, "McKenzie, remember when we saw that dog out at school and you whistled at it and said, 'Here Gary,' cause the dog looked like the coach?" No one laughed except Loburn, who nearly fell off the bench with his giggling. When he stopped, he realized, with sobering clarity, that for all the beer they had consumed, no one was as drunk as he. No one was very drunk at all. He made a last effort.

"Gary was a rotten coach, wasn't he? I mean, do you remember how you couldn't have an intelligent conversation with him, not even about baseball?" They looked at him, solemnly now, and he covered by hiding his face with his glass, drinking.

At midnight Loburn, who had kept his face on the table feigning sleep or extreme drunkenness, looked up to his

companions. Only two remained; Bigberry, McKenzie and three others had gone sometime before. Instead, the group near the door had joined them, and in shock he saw Lesley sitting next to him, sipping beer.

"Well hello," she said. "Have you been asleep all this time or did you just not want to talk to me?"

"I don't think I was asleep but I don't remember you walking over either. Well. How have you been?"

She shrugged. "OK. It's been a long time. How about you?"

"OK." He felt guilty, and didn't want to appear too happy; a self-inflicted sadness would be a good punishment, even if he really weren't suffering. "A little drunk yet, I'm afraid."

"Have some more beer," she said, pouring him a glass from the communal pitcher. Because, though it was midnight, the Village Inn was still noisy, and



Photography: Lee Brennan

COMING HOME

From page 35

Loburn was still drunk, he was having trouble hearing her. He nodded senselessly and drank.

"How do you like Tech?" she asked.

"What?" She repeated the question.

"All right. Did you go to Florida State?"

"Yeah."

"Decide on a major?"

"French, maybe. I'm really doing pretty well."

"You always did well in French," he said. They drank more, listening to the conversation of others. It struck Loburn that he could neither be included in the conversation nor could he talk to Lesley, who once was interesting and garrulous. Whatever affinity they might have felt was lost in the guilt and discomfort of Loburn's having mishandled their relationship the year before. He realized too that being picked up by Bigberry and McKenzie, rather than an inclusive, deliberate act, was a random accident. Despite his sitting with them, his drinking and talking with them, they really hadn't accepted him. Anybody could have been standing by the door when they came in and would have been pulled along in their movement across the room. It had been hard to talk to them. After all though, how could he talk to Bigberry or McKenzie if he had never really talked to them or been their friend before? All in all, it had been a difficult evening.

Suddenly the darkness in the room bothered Loburn; he disliked not being able to see what went on clearly. It was late and dirty, and the crowd had left soiled napkins, pizza crusts, platters and glasses on the tables and floor.

"This used to be so well-lit, and they used to keep it so clean," he said abruptly. No one heard him except Lesley. "If it was like this before, I can't believe I ever used to like to come here." Then slowly, with great weariness, he placed his arms on the table and put his forehead on his hands. He sniffed; the smell of English leather had worn off. "I never did have a very good fastball, did I," he said.



SOME TIME

some time during

the night

earth tilted a

little bit on

its axis or maybe

God's wife

just decided to close down

the shores for the season

'cause you know that she

always goes

there during the

fall to escape the crowds

and other such un-

pleasantries

but no matter what happened

every one noticed

the change sweaters pulled

from storage and chillbumps

everywhere covering exposed

skin running down

into collars and shirtcuffs

making us aware that

something different is going on

so that smiles are forced

by gritted

teeth bared

—Kevin E. House

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

From page 2

this second issue of the *Circle* to an egg?"

"Easter is over," we reminded Elrod, but he paid us no heed. Relishing a long slurp of Annie Green Springs wine and wiping his goatee on the sleeve of his silver-sequined cowboy shirt, the poet chastised us for our lack of faith in the creative process.

"Listen," he said, "didn't Jimmy Weldon call this journal an odd mutation, a creature so strange it frightens some, bores others, delights a few, and baffles most? Didn't you, Mr. Editor, call it a 'poetic weed garden?' And didn't Annette Norris and Mr. Jerry Roden, Jr., think one satire — W's guide to sexual gratification, to be specific — in slightly poor taste while a sampling of selected student leaders thought it bold, brash, and necessary? Didn't Art Fourier compare the poem, "Charissa," to Anita Bryant singing under the Florida sunshine tree? And didn't most everyone agree that Becky Scott's piece on the Appalachian Trail was the best, most natural prose we've published so far? And what about Richard Little's marvelous glimpse into the twenty-first century? That's remarkable, everyone thinks, so remarkable it seems a bit out of place alongside an interview with the Rev. Dawson and A.R. Rid's "I Am Joe's Arm Pit."

"What are you trying to say, Elrod?" Surely he knew that we knew all that.

"I'm saying the *Circle* is an eclectic journal — an organic, human, living, breathing, and belching thing. No one will like everything, but everyone should like something. It's a beautiful thought. I think I'll send it to Mahavishnu John McLaughlin."

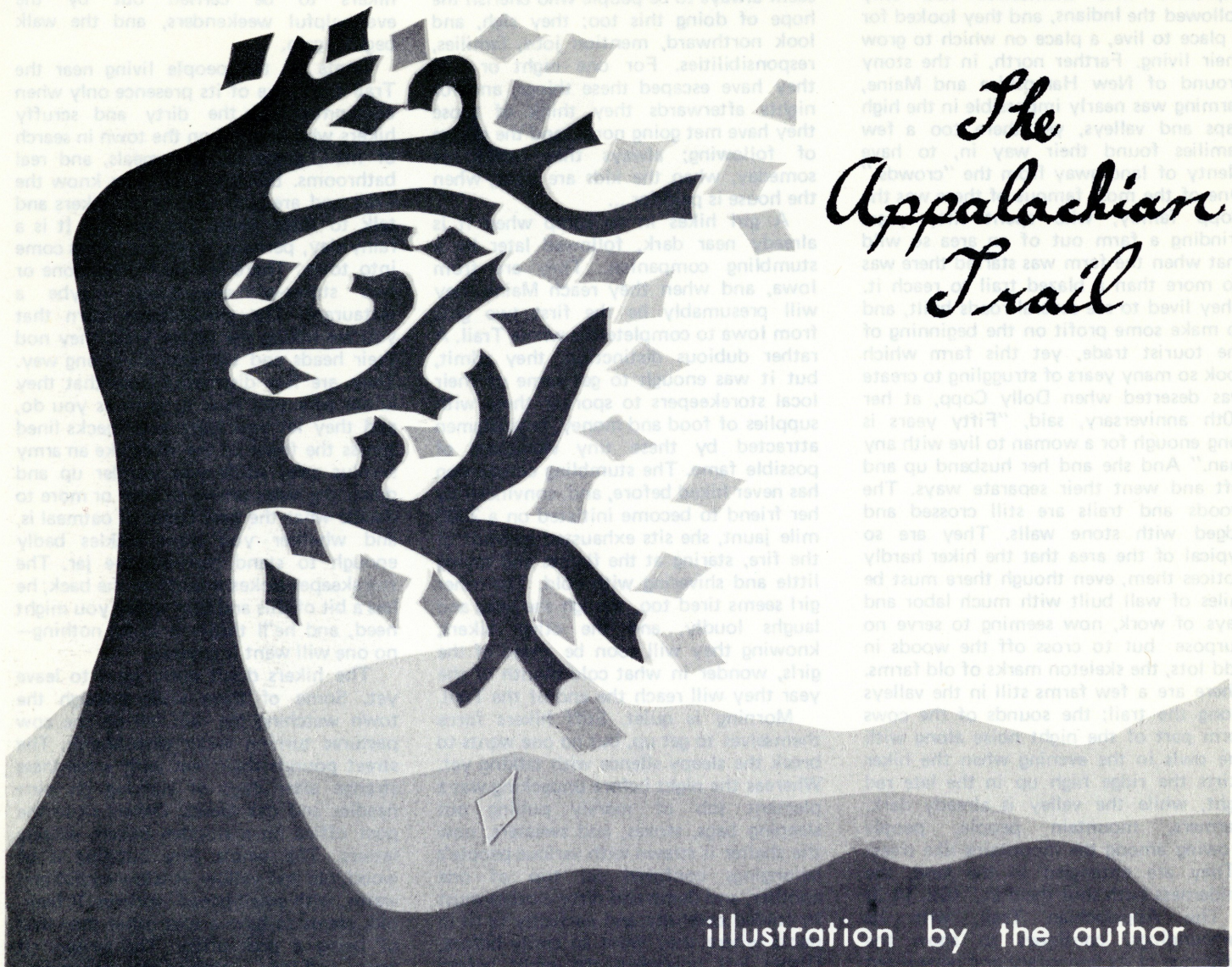
We were still puzzled. The *Circle* is like an eclectic egg?

Elrod continued: "The *Circle* is like an unfertilized egg. Each reader will fertilize it with his own ideas, his own criticism, praise, and speculation. Parts of the egg may be ugly — there's a gene for arm pits, you know. But it will grow. That is a law of nature, is it not? To defy nature is to embrace sterility!"

"I get it!" shrieked the mysterious "W" through the paper sack over his head. "This — heh,heh,heh — should be called *The Egglectic Review*."

Oh the ferment! Oh the ecstasy! Next year, won't any of you budding creative people out there on the streets join the *Circle* staff? Jan Cooper, our upcoming editor, will welcome you with a smile, a dictionary, and many good Karmas.

—T.B.



The Appalachian Trail

illustration by the author

A PEOPLED WILDERNESS

BY BECKY SCOTT

The trail crosses the stream at Three Forks and turns into a jeep-tracked dirt road for a while. The "foot travel only" sign appears, supported by a few logs laid across the road, and with it comes the disappearance of the car tracks, the crudely hacked camping areas, and most of the beer cans. On the left a series of waterfalls add their steam to the foggy air, in a hurry to follow the hiker's steps back to the civilized road. Above the falls the water again runs silently. The trail was once a passable road according to the guidebook, although stumbling feet say differently and here it is mudwashed and rocky. Ferns fill the ruts; silence and mist fill the woods; the hiker feels that even his soft steps are an encroachment in this wildness. A few more miles, an opening through the trees to the right, and he

peers curiously at what seems to be a small glade of birch stumps, wondering why trees had been chopped down along the trail. Closer the stumps become squat, thin, and hard-edged: they are the broken remains of an old graveyard deep within the woods.

Surprise is followed by annoyance, perhaps, on the part of the frustrated hiker who finds that even here on the Appalachian Trail, a supposed "wilderness footpath," the marks of men have followed him into the forest. It may seem sad at first, yet it is not so; for the history of the Appalachians, on all their length from north to south, is one of people not conquering the wilderness, but becoming a living part of it.

Of course there were the conquerors, the first to climb the tallest peaks, the

first to discover their heights, the markers, the measurers, the money and fame seekers. But the people who built this graveyard never meant to make an eternal monument to themselves. Already many of the stones have fallen over, and the others are mostly broken and weather-rubbed until they are almost illegible, just as the signs of other, non-human inhabitants of the woods fade slowly back into the earth. And in the same way that dilapidated nests and burrows give evidence of life here, so the old stones that are still legible tell of other, older lives: of people who died in the 1850's or 60's, of children who died, of the good members of the "Gap Church," whichever gap that might be in this place of hills and gorges. These were people who came after the explorers,

explorers who themselves had only followed the Indians, and they looked for a place to live, a place on which to grow their living. Farther north, in the stony ground of New Hampshire and Maine, farming was nearly impossible in the high gaps and valleys, yet there too a few families found their way in, to have plenty of land away from the "crowds." One of the most famous of these was the Copp family, who spent fifty years grinding a farm out of an area so wild that when the farm was started there was no more than a blazed trail to reach it. They lived to see several roads built, and to make some profit on the beginning of the tourist trade, yet this farm which took so many years of struggling to create was deserted when Dolly Copp, at her 50th anniversary, said, "Fifty years is long enough for a woman to live with any man." And she and her husband up and left and went their separate ways. The woods and trails are still crossed and edged with stone walls. They are so typical of the area that the hiker hardly notices them, even though there must be miles of wall built with much labor and days of work, now seeming to serve no purpose but to cross off the woods in odd lots, the skeleton marks of old farms. There are a few farms still in the valleys along the trail; the sounds of the cows form part of the night noise along with the owls in the evening when the hiker skirts the ridge high up in the late red light, while the valley is already dark. Farmers, mountain people, people growing among the mountains like trees: "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." (Ex. 14:3)

The Appalachian Trail, with its surroundings, continues to show the influence of its temporary and permanent inhabitants, while having itself a strange and fascinating influence on the people. Who are the "inhabitants" of the Trail? There are the temporaries, from the through hiker who walks the miles and seasons all the way from Georgia to Maine, to the high schoolers who use campsites near the road for drinking sprees, and who perhaps have never heard of the trail which they are on. Then there are the permanents, the inhabitants of farms and towns near or alongside of the Trail.

The hikers and campers are an odd assortment. At night there are always a few of them gathered at each of the shelters along the trail. They may have come alone or with a small group, the family that lasts for a night or two. A fire is started — a stick or two of wood, or some good advice on method thrown in by each person, food is shared back and forth, the talk begins: where are you from; how far are you going. The through hikers look modest, and say they hope to get all the way to Maine. The one-nighters

seem always to be people who cherish the hope of doing this too; they sigh, and look northward, mention jobs, families, responsibilities. For one night or two they have escaped these things, and for nights afterwards they think of those they have met going north, and the dream of following; always they speak of someday, when the kids are gone, when the house is paid for....

A girl hikes in to camp when it is already near dark, followed later by a stumbling companion. They are from Iowa, and when they reach Maine they will presumably be the first two girls from Iowa to complete the whole Trail. A rather dubious distinction, they admit, but it was enough to get some of their local storekeepers to sponsor them with supplies of food and money, businessmen attracted by these tiny vibrations of possible fame. The stumbling companion has never hiked before, and, convinced by her friend to become initiated on a 2000 mile jaunt, she sits exhausted in front of the fire, staring at the flames and saying little and shivering with cold. The other girl seems tired too, though she talks and laughs loudly, and the other hikers, knowing they will soon be ahead of the girls, wonder in what cold month of the year they will reach the end of the Trail.

Morning is quiet. Stiff hikers force themselves to get up, but no one wants to break the sleepy silence with talking yet. Whereas the night before unpacking was a pleasant job of merely pulling out sleeping bags, stoves, and sweaters, now the shelter is strewn with various people's belongings confused on top of one another, and damp and dirty clothes must be folded carefully and perfectly to fit in packs where they went so easily before. Dishes left unwashed the night before through the warm laziness that comes after eating next to the fire are now caked with half-frozen remains, and the washing must be done by hands uncoordinated by the cold. Some of the hikers are leaving the Trail now, going back to school and jobs, and they offer small leftovers to the through hikers—matches, packages of dried soup and cocoa — in a wistful show of their own desire to continue on. Even the pretense of having participated in a small way on the long hike comforts them, although the wander-longing remains. One by one they finish packing and gather to look at the morning view before they descend into the trees, and to say good-bye and good luck. Some of them will be together again that night at the next shelter which lies somewhere in the purple folds stretching away toward the blue north. Some of them will never get as far as those folds to see what lies in the valleys besides the mist. The last few pieces of trash and mail are taken from the through

hikers to be carried out by the ever-helpful weekenders, and the walk begins again.

Some of the people living near the Trail are aware of its presence only when confronted with the dirty and scruffy hikers who descend on the town in search of mail, groceries, hot meals, and real bathrooms. But many of them know the Trail and are glad to help the hikers and talk to them about the journey. It is a rainy day, perhaps, when the hikers come into town. There is a post office, one or two stores-with-everything, maybe a restaurant. The storekeepers learn that you are hiking the whole Trail; they nod their heads and tell you it's a long way. They are less distrustful now that they know why you look as grim as you do, and they let you leave your packs lined across the front of the store like an army surplus sale, while you wander up and down the aisles taking an hour or more to decide what the best flavor of oatmeal is, and whether you want pickles badly enough to stand carrying the jar. The storekeeper pokes around in the back; he has a bit of this and that which you might need, and he'll throw it in for nothing—no one will want it anyway.

The hikers don't quite want to leave yet. Some of them walk through the town watching the rain fall on the cow pastures turning green with March. The street pounds their feet with a hardness strange after days of walking on pine needles and oak leaves. Others sit in the post office on a wooden bench, writing letters. The whole tiny building is of wood, old and yellow. It is low-roofed and warm, with small-paned windows. It feels old, seems to have a past other than that of being a post office. The writers sit warm and lazy, watching the movements of the trees distorted through the rain. They find little inspiration there, and it is hard to know what the people back home will find exciting to read about. As yet there have been no bears, no more unusual wildlife than a few chipmunks and lizards. No major accidents, no breathtaking views. Yet there was a mute beauty all along in pale landscapes seen tan and dappled through the trees, and patches of moss growing in the damp, cracked veins of trailside cliffs. There is no way to write it somehow; the letters inevitably turn to amount of money being spent, weight of packs, number of blisters, and requests for news of home.

The hikers start back up the trail and a man standing in the door of his house calls out an offer of a ride. He invites them in first and offers coffee. He is a talkative sort, and explains that he is getting ready to open a restaurant here, with dried food on sale for hikers. He comes from the area, although he has been living in Texas for a while, and he

has hiked on part of the Trail. Somehow it makes the restaurant business more interesting to have hikers to talk to and help along. He shows the dining room proudly: a new old atmosphere of wagon-wheel chandeliers and red-checked tablecloths—what else? His son takes them in a pick-up truck back to the Trail. He drives too fast, and at the trail junction keeps them talking awhile, for he is used to Dallas and has few people to talk to here. He lets them go reluctantly and drives back too—again too fast, for the joy of it.

The hikers meet these people all along their way. Some of them are hikers, some never leave town, but all of them find the idea of the long hike fascinating. Food,

an hour or so of shelter, and advice are often free; all they want in return is a postcard of the mountains and rivers of a strange place, or a note saying "we made it." They will most likely never see the places on the postcards, but they are tied to them by a strong narrow thread: the trail that passes their doors or winds in the hills above their towns. Tolkien says, "He used often to say there was only one Road; that it was like a great river; its springs were at every doorstep, and every path was its tributary." The thought is always there in the hiker's mind, and most especially for the through hiker. As he walks along the grassy balds of the south, he treads the same path that loops the crystal lakes and follows cairns for

miles above the tree line on the rocky peaks of the north. Even as he nears the end of the Trail, he looks back down a corridor of pine which in a short sense leads only to the last shelter or road junction, but for him leads to miles of beauty and the doorsteps of dozens of people of the past and the present who share the beauty with him.

The Appalachian Trail does contain miles of purest wilderness and incredible beauty of rocks, plants, animals, and water. But the hiker who misses the people of the Trail, and the very lives of people which fill the woods with a weight of age not found in the younger mountains of this country, has missed a great portion of the beauty.



SPRING DELIRIUM

You cannot see me

Touch me though you may,

I'm far away,

Not in your earthly realm.

I dance with Pleiades.

From Taurus' shoulders

I laugh down

At the starved and trembling trees

Reaching up, begging for a drink

Of light.

My heart runs with the wind:

Don't try to hold me down

I'll slip like rain drops

Through your loving fingers

To the thirsty ground.

I won't be found.

Look hard, you still won't see me,

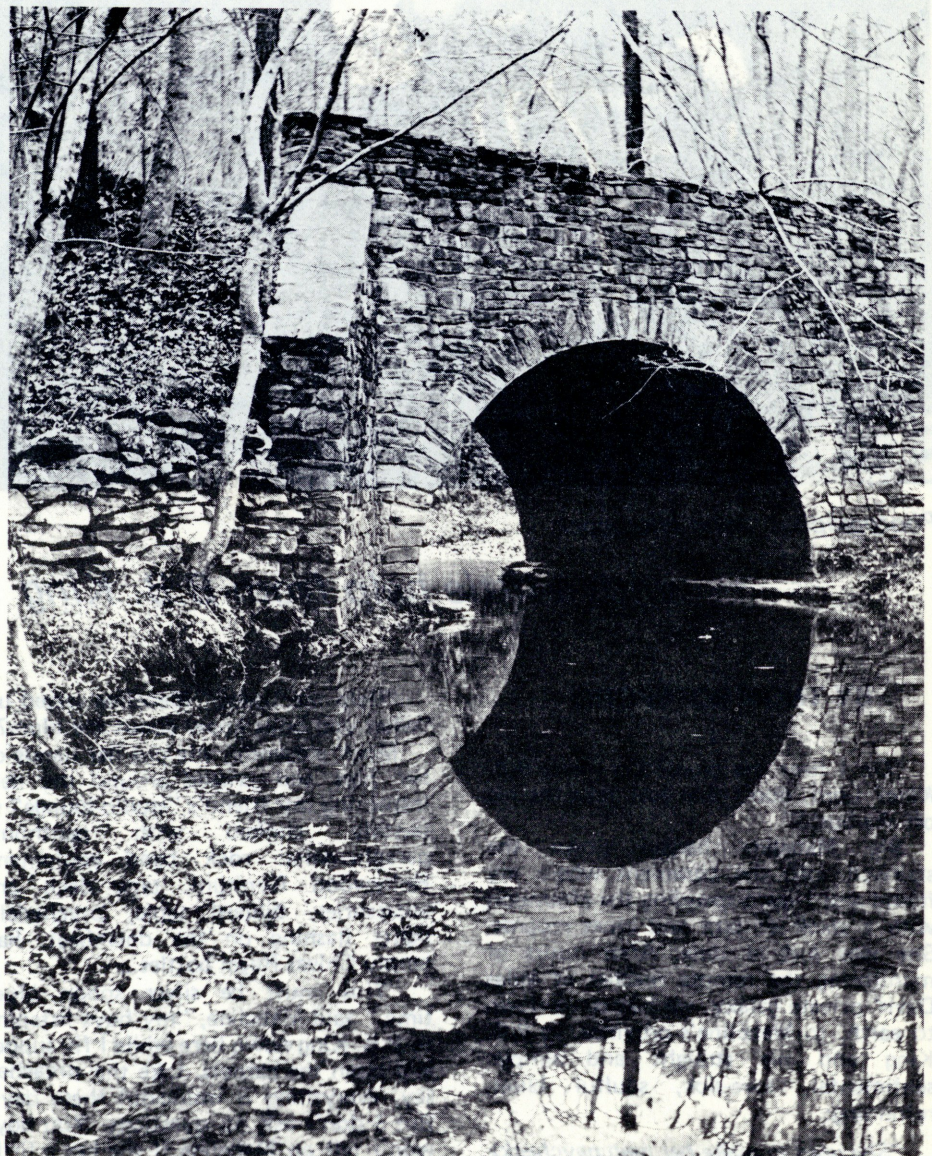
For I'm cloaked in wisterian scent,

Immersed in newborn green,

Held in Heaven's palm—

Until tomorrow.

—Pam Spencer



© By William P. White, Jr., 1974



Photography: John Hitchcock

with a little help from B.B. King

BY THOM BOTSFORD

I

"Do I hear the blues? Do I hear B.B. King? Lord, don't that just take the rag off the bush!"

Big Mabeline barged down the stairwell into the basement where my friend and I were spending the afternoon with a stack of jazz and blues records. She was just in time. After hours of monitoring the remote reaches of Miles Davis' private galaxy, we had come down to earth, to Mabeline's province, to B.B. King and his straight and simple, sentimental, love-sick, soulful blues, refraining:

*"She used to make her own paychecks
And bring 'em all home to me...
But I would go out on the hillside,
And make every woman drunk I see...."*

"Help me, Jesus," Mabeline sassed us, "what you boys know about the blues?"

Mock elegantly, she put her hands on her hips and prissed around the den, inspecting my friend's "studio-lounge" so lavishly choked with penthouse paraphernalia: rock band equipment, Hollywood furniture, tape deck and accessories, billiard table, psychedelic lights flashing on the downbeat, half empty Chivas Regal bottles...

"This must be silver spoon blues time," said Mabeline, "my boys listening to B.B. King down here while I fix supper and clean the carpets. Like the preacher say, everything is inside-out these days. But I don't ask no questions. You boys won't tell on Mabeline if she has a little drink, will ya? Pour me one of them!"

Mabeline's seniority permitted her a few fringe benefits, but this was

SOME CLUES TO THE MEANING OF THE BLUES

absolutely the first time she had helped herself to a cocktail on a coffee break. Delighted that the lord and lady were pre-occupied in other parts of suburbia and not expected home for quite some time, we relaxed — Mabeline in the big, easy chair — while the King belted out "Worry, Worry, Worry" *live* for the boys inside Cook County Jail, an appropriate prelude to Mabeline's story:

Way back, years ago — she told us — when the picture show accommodated "coloreds" in the balcony and Mabeline was single and seventeen, B.B. King came to town and put up at the Club Morocco for a dollar a head, drinks extra. Much against the wishes of her sister choir members and her mother (who listened to nothing more secular than Mahalia Jackson), Mabeline threw her reputation to the dogs on this sultry Saturday night

just to hear B.B. sing "Sweet Little Angel" and "How Blue Can You Get."

"There was knives and liquor and packs of stags ready to snatch you up," she recalled. "The place was so bad, the police wouldn't even come break up the fights if they could help it."

But the blemish on a sterling reputation years ago was a small sacrifice to make for the King. "He was a gentleman, even in all that racket, and made you feel so good with his music that you wanted to cry. How he's done made it with the white kids now, I haven't figured it out. But I guess it's been coming."

"Lord, when I used to work over to Miss Ellen's, she would say that all this rock and roll was just jungle music. She would say: Mabeline, you don't listen to that stuff, do you? And I would say: no ma'am, I only listen to church music. Which was mostly the truth because I never liked all this rock and roll. You couldn't tell Miss Ellen about *our* church music being like the blues, anyway. Oh honey, sometimes she was so stupid I do believe she would drive a freight train down a dirt road."

Mixing Mabeline with a drink made for good conversation, the kind you would never hear under normal circumstances in this part of town. We offered her another one, but she restrained herself. "Ya'll gonna get Mabeline in trouble. Just keep playing B.B. loud enough to hear upstairs."

Since that afternoon, we've often invited Mabeline down to listen to music when the lord and lady were away. She approves of Ray Charles, T-Bone Walker, Lightnin' Hopkins, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, the Staple Singers, Aretha Franklin, and even Mike Bloomfield and Al Cooper on their bluesy "Super Session" LP. And she likes jazz too (if it's not too far out) — especially Louis Armstrong, Cannonball Adderly, and Stanley Turrentine. Her taste, we believe, is far superior to that of the church choir director or any of our old high school music teachers. But, of course, she knows nothing about music, technically. On paper, "it's just a bunch of crazy poka dots."

II

"Either you've got it or you don't," Mabeline tells us after each "good" record we play for her. And it's the truth in most cases. Once I asked a church organist — an accomplished Bach soloist — to play me a simple Horace Silver rhythm and blues number transcribed in the Workshop section of *Down Beat* magazine. She looked it over and smiled condescendingly: "Why certainly I'll play it for you." The first few bars sounded like something you might hear at a horse show. She tried again, at the right tempo,

and proceeded to stumble through most of the left hand parts. "I'm sorry," she confessed, "there's something about that rhythm that messes me up."

I didn't tell her that she was also "messing up" the blues feeling with both hands. Oh, she hit many of the right notes — like a music box — but she failed to "touch" them right. "Either you've got it or you don't," perhaps. Music critic Nat Hentoff, though speaking specifically of jazz, reinforces Mabeline: "The one article of faith that links all jazzmen from the most traditional to the most exploratory is that if you can't play the blues convincingly, you ought to try some other line of work." His observation applies equally to all rock, rhythm and blues, soul, and many pop musicians. The Bach people can live without the blues, of course; their music isn't based on more than three centuries of Afro-American music. But let the celebrated E. Power Biggs try to play even something so tame as a Scott Joplin rag and you've got crap on your hands.

Many musicians have played the blues (singular noun) for years without ever bothering to define it in technical terms. To show how pervasive blues has been, however, a smattering of academic detail will help. Jazz historian Marshall Stearns in his remarkable *The Story of Jazz* (1956, Oxford University Press), puts it as painlessly as possible: In a blues based performance, "two areas of the octave — the third and the seventh in the scale (E-flat and B-flat in the scale of C) — are attacked with an endless variety of swoops, glides, slurs, smears, and glisses. In other words, a singer or instrumentalist takes certain notes and cradles and caresses them lovingly, or fiercely.... With the addition of a few blue notes, the entire harmony becomes blue, and blue tonality results. It occurs in almost all American Negro music, vocal and instrumental, and especially in jazz. It can be heard in the field-holler and the work song, the spiritual and gospel, minstrelsy and ragtime. Above all, you can hear it in the bittersweet mixture of the (straight, 12 bar) blues. But it doesn't stop there. Many Tin-Pan-Alley tunes are saturated with it and several classical composers have dabbled in it. Blue tonality has colored America's musical life."

I suppose the blue tonality is a little like peppermint oil. As many elementary science texts illustrate, the contents of an open bottle of the concentrate will quickly diffuse into every accessible cubic inch. Similarly, over the last three to four hundred years, the blue tonality diffused into the great white music halls of our European heritage and left its own peculiar scent in some quarters permanently. Musicians of various classical and folk schools unconsciously

incorporated blue notes into their music while the blacks, most of them slaves, just as unconsciously refashioned Caucasian melodies into bluesier themes. It was a mutual exchange, an intercourse with blue tonality predominating. Perhaps the Old South field hollers — the work songs of the slaves — were the earliest hybrids.

I've often wanted to hear some authentic eighteenth and nineteenth century hollers. A romantic, I imagine a dusky scene — twilight — with the slaves trudging over the fields, their chants echoing throughout the swamps or the pine forests or the long Texas spaces. These folk were, assuredly, blues musicians perpetuating an oral culture with roots mysteriously disappearing into African soil. Their blues culture, potent and ebullient, eventually found its way into the black churches, coloring the religious music handed-down by the whites. Around the turn of the century — fable has it — this same blue tonality (along with some "primitive" rhythms) impregnated popular melodies in New Orleans and gave birth to "jazz," kicking and screaming. Originally nothing but a soulful gumbo of disparate elements, this bluesy "jazz" was so viable that it has since survived not only years of put-downs by upper-class whites but has developed also into America's only original musical art form.

Today, Top 40 radio is full of blue tonality, much of it puerile, and so is country and western music. You can't escape it. Even the elevator orchestras, Percy Faith and company, serve up weak, soggy versions of blues-based tunes. But presently the most popular exponent of the blues form as distinguished from the all-encompassing blue tonality is black, Mississippi born B.B. King — crowned "King of the Blues" by new and old fans alike.

III

Last summer, I met B.B. backstage at the Atlanta Jazz Festival, and — somehow, despite the sensations churning in my stomach — managed to interview him for a couple of area newspapers. He was dressed in a deep blue, pimp-style suit with a very large silver star pinned to one of the lapels. In very good humour — joking with members of Duke Ellington's and Freddie Hubbard's bands — B.B. made me feel right at home. "Sit down, don't be nervous," he said in his Delta drawl. "You know, it makes me feel so good for you to talk to me. Back in the early days, the early 50's, nobody seemed to care. There was a write-up or two in the black magazines, but nothing else. It really wasn't until 1967 when the publicity came."

Mabeline was right: B.B. is a gentleman, an old-fashioned gentleman at

that. Women's liberation, for example, disturbs him. His blues lyrics cast as "angels" those good old-fashioned womanly women who live to cook, to make love, and to be (oh, the ecstasy) "God's gift to man." They are his sweet little angels, and he loves the way they spread their wings.

Now, some try to explain the meaning of the blues through analysis of lyrics, which usually concern love affairs and sex (like the above), poverty and wealth, sickness and health, etc. (Seldom do blues lyrics get into "social consciousness" or do anything more than tell a story, clearly and simply.) I could make a case, an interesting one, using B.B.'s lyrics, but I prefer to emphasize the music itself. Indeed, if you isolate most blues lyrics, you have little more than homely, if amusing, poetry. But you can play or sing blue notes without uttering a word and, if you've "got it," generate the particular feeling I am seeking to explain.

I asked B.B. what the blues "meant" to him, and he responded: "Let me compare it with astrology. Now some say

it's not a science, but even they will admit the moon affects the tides. Funny thing, the human body is 78 percent water. So the moon must influence us one way or the other. Now I'm a Virgo, and one of my traits is not being tactful. So I've learned to work on being tactful. It's a warning. *My blues is a warning to people.*"

Astrology aside, it took me a few weeks to understand B.B.'s metaphor. By singing about two-timing women and fateful love affairs, was he merely warning his audiences to literally "treat yo women right so you won't end up like the folks in a blues song?" Certainly not. The thousands of screaming, swooning B.B. King fans at last year's festival have all since lived through considerable sorrow and sickness, avoidable and unavoidable. Granted, B.B.'s lyrics might have "warned" them against the unleashing of passionate excesses, but — let's be honest — don't the troubles come anyway? Regardless?

How, then, is the blues a warning? Alex Von Hoffman, writing about B.B. in *Down Beat*, illuminates: "...it is human to be hurt and feel pain, whether the pain is self-inflicted or imposed by others, but ... the better part of humanity continues on after the pain, pushing harder than ever to reach the infinitely expanding goals of life... Art that bemoans the human condition and yet affirms the human soul reveals spiritual victory in earthly defeat. When expressed in sound, this art is the blues."

How absolutely subjective Hoffman is! You could say, perhaps, that Handel's *Messiah* "affirms the human soul" and "reveals spiritual victory in earthly defeat." Yet, there's a difference — a schizophrenia, an infinite tension — in the blue tonality. Here, in a very natural way, real and ethereal blend. Unlike the joyous Hallelujah chorus, the blue tonality has to it an inconclusive edge in that the strains never seem to climax but always to climb to the summit of human passions only to take a subsequent deep plunge down for another round, 12 bar or otherwise. When the record or the performance is over, the "song" is not — it goes on and on inside of us. The distinctive accents on the minor thirds and sevenths and fifths account for this infinite tension, I think.

But I couldn't prove it. For that matter, all of the preceding stories, impressions, and definitions prove nothing at all — rather they serve as clues to the meaning of something which musically explains itself. "Listen to the blues, play the blues, don't write about the blues," a musician tells me. "I can explain what it means on my guitar without you having to read all those books."

Yet it is meaningful to piece together an historical perspective on blues culture. An oppressed race survived hundreds of years of slavery and sub-citizenship with little more than the blues to soothe their pain. Anthropologists and musicologists still search for the actual origins of the music, but all concede that the blacks brought blue tonality to America and thus catalyzed what Phil Walden calls "American music" in this issue of the *Circle*. It is their gift to us.

Their blues now is everyone's blues. It tells us, I believe, to never give up, to keep on singing, to "keep on trucking." Therapeutic, it makes us feel better — like a good cry. Wordlessly, it warns against hopelessness and complete despair by reminding us that life isn't easy for anyone, but a sad song — a blues song — will refresh us and help us live through many more stormy Mondays.



NIGHTSCAPE

And in the bleakness of the night

The moon beam slithers

Through the darkness of the clouds

And sets the frost upon the trees

Afire

And lashes carefree across the water

Of a rippling pool

The pale blue beam glistens on a

Spider's web and casts the shadows

Of the demons that lurk in the

Darkness of the night. And the

Man in the moon laughs at the

World and the clouds conceal his

Smile which fades as the early morning

Sun trickles through the clouds.

—Bill Black

MY POETRY

Well, here I am again

freeing myself from the destruction

of my mind

that these words

syllable by syllable

build back together.

Quite fondly, I find myself

crawling around those words,

curling up inside the e's and o's,

caressing the i's and u's,

and looking strangely

at the y's.

—Kathy Nowell

DOING SOMETHING ABOUT POVERTY in LEE COUNTY

BY JAN COOPER

Chances are a cruise through Cary Woods or Terrace Acres or a drive past Toomer's Corner will not move the casual observer to comment on poverty in Lee County. It exists, however, festering in a fringe around the white middle class university core and spreading out to the rural corners of the area. It lives on muddy dirt roads, in gray tattered shacks with backyards graced by crude outhouses. Its victims are predominantly black, predominantly old, or young and responsible for a huge family of children.

These victims inspired a sermon given on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, 1968, by Wallace M. Alston, Jr., the pastor of the Auburn First Presbyterian Church. In that sermon he spoke eloquently of the plight of the more than 400 Lee County families living in substandard housing. He concluded by daring his well-heeled, intellectual congregation to sit down to their hearty Thanksgiving dinners in good conscience without first making a tour of the less privileged sections of their county. He challenged them to take on the very local problem of poverty as a personal Christian responsibility.

The First Presbyterian Church congregation had previously been involved in various forms of traditional church charity. Not long before, families of certain church officers had taken it upon themselves to "adopt" needy families in the area by providing them with clothes and helping them with legal or budgeting problems. Prodded by Dr. Alston's sermon and by their acquaintance with conditions in Lee County, several members of the First Presbyterian Church discussed how they could best organize to alleviate the poverty around them.

From these discussions the Presbyterian Community Ministry, Inc. (PCM), was created to "...conduct a ministry of compassion in Auburn, Alabama, and Lee County, Alabama, in

which human needs are served in the areas of residential housing, health, child care, home arts, transportation, and education...." Its founders envisioned a non-profit corporation dealing primarily in no-interest loans for housing or housing repairs. Through the "adoption" program, they had discovered that a local builder, Spencer Lumber Company, constructed low-cost houses for individuals who could supply a \$500 down payment and a clear title to their construction site. Unfortunately, the families most in need of new housing rarely had the means to raise the necessary down payment. The incorporators of PCM saw that long-range, no-interest loans might put these people inside safer, sounder housing.

Of course, PCM needed a considerable amount of capital to make such loans. Most corporations raise initial capital through stockholders; PCM, instead, solicited funds from "members" who would never receive dividends. The PCM by-laws established a membership requirement of \$10 a month or \$120 a year, which approximately fifty persons originally pledged. The Auburn First Presbyterian Church allocated \$5,000 of its 1969 budget to PCM, which, in turn persuaded the National Board of Ministries of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., to grant the corporation \$23,000 over a three year period.

However, PCM's financial support could easily have been wasted had not the early organization benefited from the commitment of indispensable professional skills. Among the incorporators were several engineers, an architect, persons experienced in administrative organizing, and people with considerable political expertise. Optimistic in nature, this group initially trusted most who asked for help, but soon attempted to determine the real extent of the needs of each applicant. The incorporators were people accustomed to getting things done—a trait which they now applied to the call to

social concern which Dr. Alston pointed out in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The original group was almost entirely Presbyterian, but later the corporation actively sought to involve community members of other religious persuasions, who today make up about one-fourth of the membership. From the very beginning, also, the facilities and personnel of the local VISTA and Headstart agencies and the Lee County Office of Pensions and Securities played a key role in identifying people who could be helped by PCM's resources. Workers from these government services spent many hours doing the extensive "legwork" necessary to locate and negotiate with people applying to PCM. When the corporation decided to handle the federal government's FHA housing program in 1969, Headstart's director, Nancy Spears, learned how to fill out many complex government applications. Thus PCM assisted in the building of 35 houses through the FHA program.

Building new homes is hardly PCM's only task; housing repairs have always been another major focus of effort. Many roofs no longer leak; many houses now have indoor plumbing or improved wiring thanks to PCM loans. Indeed, these have often been PCM's principal form of ministry. Occasionally, however, the corporation responds to other needs, particularly emergency problems of individuals. The directors have approved funding for everything from the payment of back rent and funeral expenses to contributions to a community dental clinic and a summer camp for underprivileged children. In all its business, PCM stresses an individually-tailored response to human beings in distress or discomfort.

This response is essentially a three step process. Initially, persons with needs which PCM is best suited to meet—usually needs that no other service agency will touch—come to the attention of the Office of Pensions and Securities, VISTA, or Headstart. Who in Lee County

In 1968, more than 400 Lee County families lived in substandard housing.

The Presbyterian Community Ministry did something about it.

can help, without considerable bureaucratic delay: A woman whose husband has abandoned her and their three children without money for rent, food, or utility bills? Or a man who has lost his job and faces eviction? What other organization would lend a woman \$200 to reopen her highway fruitstand business? Social workers encourage people like these to apply to a screening committee which in turn makes recommendations to the PCM Board of Directors. This group, consisting of from eight to twenty-five members elected for a one-year term, determines whether or not to approve loans and arranges repayment plans. If an emergency arises, a telephone consensus of board members is sufficient official approval for an immediate loan. After a loan has been made, the recipients receive continued attention, sometimes in the form of advice from social workers on budget planning or property upkeep.

Are loans repaid fully and promptly? Contrary to the predictions of pessimistic critics, most recipients repay loans in full, according to schedule. However, some loans do become outright "grants" when it is obvious that repayment is impossible. Every year a few people do manage to take undue advantage of PCM's well-intentioned generosity despite the efforts of the screening committee to discourage unjustified applications. But the PCM members do not look upon these cases as failures —after all, they are not in the finance business. They perceive their corporation to be an instrument of human compassion which should adapt to individual situations. On the other hand, they recognize that charity often robs a person of his dignity, and that in order to help more people, money must flow into, as well as out of their bank account.

To help offset losses and to further extend its ministry, PCM has persistently requested aid from outside sources. The Board of Directors has appealed for large contributions from such diverse organizations as the Student Government Association and the Rockefeller Foundation —with little success as yet. Fortunately, a few individuals have donated lump sums, and the First Presbyterian Church now includes the corporation as a \$10,000 item in its yearly budget. Corporation membership has risen to over 85; in an effort to involve university students, a new amendment to the corporation's constitution provides for student membership at the rate of \$9 a quarter.

One of the most promising recent financial developments for PCM is the new Urban Redevelopment plan of the Auburn City Housing Authority. Under this program, a "re-developer" can obtain enough money to pay poor families for their land and inadequate housing so that

they can relocate in new homes. The local government chose PCM as its agent for developing the new housing —reflecting great confidence in PCM's integrity and effectiveness. This program should help to ease the financial difficulties caused by the Nixon administration's cutbacks in support for FHA 235 housing.

Another new project with which PCM has experimented is the use of volunteer labor to make housing repairs. This past Christmas one corporation member enlisted volunteers from the middle class of the community, both inside and outside the PCM membership, to renovate the home of an elderly disabled Auburn couple. For these members, this chance to see conditions at first hand while actually making repairs gave meaning to the mechanical signature of a monthly check.

A sense of common humanity early moved PCM to adopt the role of advocate for the underprivileged before the city government. Partly because of PCM's discussions with the city council, some families in the northwest section of Auburn have paved streets, pipes to the city water supply, and sewage service.

Now that PCM is an established institution of the community, possibilities have multiplied for this use of influence. Often a letter expressing the corporation's displeasure significantly affects an unethical tradesman.

Yet there are those who would protest PCM's activity in the affairs of the community, those who would say that a church-related organization should not meddle in civic problems. There are those who criticize the "do-gooder" attitude of "bourgeois socialism," those who claim that altruism is merely a guise for appeasement of the exploited or imposition of particular cultural values. PCM members can only reply that they believe in a God who loved and cared for all persons, a God who inspired the author of the book of James to write:

If a brother or sister is ill-clad and in lack of daily food, and one of you says to them, "Go in peace, be warmed and filled," without giving them the things needed for the body, what does it profit? So faith, by itself, if it has no works, is dead.

—James 2: 15-17

PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE FROM ARROWS

"A sniper armed only with a bow and arrows seized control of a clock-tower on the campus of Auburn University today, and held off police for more than an hour before being captured. Authorities on the scene reported that the sniper, a physics student at the University, altered the clock mechanism so that the clock bell rang continuously. He then shot a large number of arrows down at the people passing by. Seven people were hurt, one seriously. Police used tear gas in the capture. University officials said there was no known motive for the incident."

Dear God, preserve us from the arrows of the foe;

Keep us safe wherever we may go.

Let these hateful arrows be

but shafts of sunlight glancing

on the fenders of our cars;

Let them be

but flowers sudden-blooming

on the lawns,

let them be mere pretty weeds!

Oh, keep us in our needs!

Let the arrow and the bow-twang be

Nothing but the bird that flying sings;

Oh, let us go wherever we may go

Without a fear of any bell that rings.

—James Allen



Illustration: Randy Nowell

exorcising LUCID LUCIFER

BY ART FOURIER

It is a mystery to me why a Baptist preacher pickets *The Exorcist* and the area psychiatrists are not protesting in his stead, for foremost among the implications of the movie is an acid dig at the whole psychiatric profession. Twentieth century Freudian and Jungian iconography is put to the test in this movie and clearly comes out smelling like a stinkweed. Ultimately, the movie questions the validity of modern science and the consciousness it has engendered.

The Exorcist, of course, deals with a little girl who has "personality problems" which are first so perceived by her well intentioned, thoroughly modern, actress mother-pal (Chris MacNeil played by Ellen Burstyn). Subsequently a long line of erudite and quintessentially smug head doctors, Consulting and Advising, parades across the screen. And what talismans these contemporary witch doctors yield: thorazine to pacify convulsive Regan, hypnosis and psychoanalysis to glean murky toxins from the deep well of her secret and, to be sure, maladjusted past.

Bloodletting is obsolete; but who needs it with electroencephalograms, hypodermic leeches, and other diagnostic tools that recall the worst excesses of the Inquisition. What is most incredible is that the men of science, in the face of Regan's grotesque collection of welts and festering sores, refuse to admit an answer outside the realm of their own dubious definitions and hit or miss cures. You know, "That's not a UFO, it's only swamp gas." By now, Regan's mother is quite beyond reasonable answers and is screaming in the faces of the unmoved and pitifully vacuous scientists.

Life is easy in Georgetown. Mysticism is a camp (remember *camp*?) parlor game. But sin? Guilt? How quaint! Everyone knows society sins, but individual guilt? The devil you say? Dante's hallucination? Don't show your ignorance. Regan's mother is seemingly unable to express her opinions without an emphatic "Jesus Christ." I guess Auburn is behind the times because, in Georgetown, the impetus of anger isn't necessary for communication in four letter words. I couldn't help but feel that Ms. MacNeil's loose tongue in some way courted the

demon that later possessed her daughter.

The writer, producer, and director —innocently enough—could not conceive of anything more demonic than verbal obscenities and green vomit in their portrayal of Satan himself. Yes, Regan is responsible for a few deaths and a wrecked bedroom, but I would imagine Satan's power to be of a little stronger stuff. Truly horrifying was Regan's mimicry of Karras' mother's voice from the grave—exceedingly demonic as it played internally on Karras' guilt and sorrow over her recent death. This was true horror, rather than the predominantly Ringling sideshow feats, like levitation, and lion roars emanating from the ceiling. I would rate Regan's makeup an A+ job. The assorted lacerations, green eyes, and wild expressions were more scary than silly.

If *The Exorcist* was made simply for sensation and monetary ends, the producers involved can only be counted as crass, cruel individuals. Indeed, the anguish which Regan endures (and may now be enduring —actress Linda Blair is rumored to be suffering from genuine psychological scars resulting from her

portrayal of Regan) is inexcusable. One wonders to what indelicate lengths the movie industry will go to achieve an "effect" or "atmosphere." In many cases, the "effect" was abominable and the characterization more often shallow than not. Despite these shortcomings, *The Exorcist* may carry a strong message heretofore generally discredited by the Georgetown cocktail circuit.

Twentieth century man prides himself on his rationality and need for proof. Whatever is logical is accepted and that which is not is derided. Faith, however, is a question as old as mankind, but always timely. *The Exorcist* emphasizes the existence of a world unseen, of entities beyond the scope of man's capability to reason. The movie in this way performs what I feel is a service, in reminding us not to be too convinced of our own sure answers. Mysticism is not being peddled by *The Exorcist* or by me. The movie only asks that we accept the possibility.

There may be a temptation to read *The Exorcist* totally in terms of Christian allegory. This would be a mistake, but again, I question the minister's pamphletting the movie. Karras, literally following the example of Christ, sacrifices his life so that Regan may live. Far from a "cop out," the movie's climax is a parable of Christian love and total dedication to the faith. It is sad, however, that Ms. MacNeil apparently has not learned from the experience as seen in her rejection of the sacred medal that Father Dyer offered her following the exorcism. Her answer is escape, but *The Exorcist* makes it abundantly clear that escape is quite impossible.

The furor raised by *The Exorcist* may be due in whole to the lack of taste displayed throughout. Perhaps it was assumed that the American people, lacking taste, would respond wholeheartedly to a tasteless movie. Whatever the reasoning, *The Exorcist* is a runaway success. If movies are mirrors of culture, then urination, regurgitation, and masturbation must be counted high on the list of popular interests. It must titillate many to watch Regan wet the carpet, and I don't doubt that scatology has a wide appeal, suppressed as it is. But then bathroom business and unnatural sex acts have always been considered in some degree implicitly sinful. I resent *The Exorcist's* reinforcement of this particular cultural bias. Satan fought Christ with words which belittle natural human functions—this is the point. Did the makers of *The Exorcist* predictably associate dirty words that besmirch natural bodily functions with sin and Satan, or did they subtly recognize that Satan's triumph lies in contempt for the human body and condition? According to the Bible, the human body is God's temple. Note that Satan says he will stay in Regan's body until *she* lies stinking in the ground, of course implying that life ends with a perished body. The rough words which symbolize often the highest human activities can only demean their importance and reduce them to gutter level.

I had not intended to join *The Plainsman's* Curtis "Maudlin" Mauldin in adding to the ream of reaction to *The Exorcist*. The publicity given to the movie solely on the strength of its baser

elements is lamentable. At the very least, it is a timely experiment that begs more thought than the crass estimations "gross" or "incredible."



IN DARKNESS AND COLD

He sailed away to sea

In a stately ship of old,

And left his bride-to-be

In darkness and cold.

Later he returned to wed

The girl he loved so much,

But found her cold and dead,

And his grief was such —

That he sailed away to sea

In a stately ship of old,

And left his bride-to-be

In darkness and cold.

—Antara Nowling

A BEGGAR ON THE VERGE OF PROSPERITY

Beyond,

Beyond these coins shifting in this cup

And the tapping of wood on concrete;

Beyond an afternoon of shadows lengthening

Across the chessboard and the lawn;

And beyond even the final note from Paganini's violin

Stretches a silence deeper than myself,

A chord as yet unheard.

—Herbert Stencil

TRANSITION

On time's strange road a crystal stream
Appeared across my path,
Confined me to its nearer bank
And would not let me pass.

The distant bank was frightening
And filled with mystery
But yet I knew that I must cross
To reach my destiny.

In icy water, skirts held high
And shoes clutched tight in hand,
I feared to strike unfriendly stones
Or bars of shifting sand.

And yet these new shores beckoned me,
With shade of friendly pine,
And birds sang low as soft I felt
The hands of spring sunshine.

—Annette Norris

the car and leaned forward to see it better. For a long time I watched it soaring silently, gradually moving away from my vision, until it was gone. Once again I was totally alone. I drove only a few yards farther when suddenly, past a sharp curve, a ghastly sight spread itself before my eyes.

I took in the whole scene in a flash and then my eye began to re-examine each facet of it slowly and absorbingly, coming to rest at last on the one morbid part that demanded my most amazed scrutiny.

A run-down, shoddily-constructed shack was perched in outrageous misplacement on a small rise back from the road. The woods were cleared away from it about ten feet on each side and along the front, and completely barren earth surrounded it. There was not one living thing anywhere about the strange, windowless house. There was none of the garbage, nor junked cars, that should have covered the yard. There was only the house, starkly isolated and single in the otherwise monotonous landscape. Everything about the house seemed out of place, especially the object my eye now returned to. In front of the cleared ground, and directly alongside the road, ran an unpainted and partially collapsed picket fence. It did not run around the sides nor across the back, and seemed to have no purpose other than an incredible use of its sharp pickets, impaled upon each of which was one of a wildly grotesque collection of filthy, tattered dolls' heads.

They seemed to leer at me in their blind and immobile complacency. The plastic smile painted on each face seemed almost wildly insane, and on first sight of them I sucked in my breath with a terrified gasp. Something told me that this was no mere prank: there was something deeply evil and ageless about the whole scene. I pulled my car over to the side of the road and got out. In the broad daylight of that mute morning I was petrified, but a strange morbid curiosity urged me to investigate. I was standing aloof, staring at the whole cursed scene, but I felt as though I was becoming more and more immersed in its atmosphere with each passing moment. I could feel my whole being becoming a part of the sickness.

I do not know how to accurately describe the feelings that swept over me next. All I can say is that for some reason I became aware of something just out of my field of vision in the woods beside the house. I began trembling warily and did not want to look. For a long time, I tried

to restrain myself while the trembling grew. Still I did not look. I wanted to run to the car and drive away as fast as I could, but I was frozen to the ground. Still I did not look. I knew I could not run and stood in complete confusion and helplessness. I had no choice — I slowly turned my head two inches. My blood froze. Standing completely alone on the cleared ground at the edge of the woods was a very old Negro woman. Her arms hung easily at her sides. There was no expression in her eyes which were staring directly into mine. We stood like that for years until I, out of a total resignation to the fact that there was no other choice, walked slowly towards her.

She did not move one muscle and the expression on her face did not change one fraction. My gripping fear had disappeared for some reason and had been replaced with a milder uneasy apprehension. There was no need for formalities or greetings. I summoned the courage to speak and asked her the question that plagued me.

"What are those dolls' heads?"

Her eyes never left mine, and slowly they began to develop a gleam. There was a razor sharpness in them, and I could sense madness. Without moving her head, she parted her lips and said very slowly:

"They's the grandchilluns."

I stared back at her in uncomprehending confusion, and then averted my eyes. I did not understand. I did not understand her, the house, the dolls' heads, or any of the whole bewitched scene. I looked around again and experienced the same feelings I had when I first saw the place. My fear returned and a chill of evil glazed my spine. Who was this strange woman and why was this eerie place here? I just did not understand.

I contemplated all this for a moment, and then looked back at the old woman who still had not moved. It suddenly occurred to me that I had not seen nor heard her approach, and my confusion was heightened. I had to ask her one more question even though I was very reluctant to do so. I just had to hear her speak again.

"What are the grandchildren?" I mumbled.

The whole world was silent as she considered this, and then the faintest shadow of a smile passed over her lips.

"They was all killed long ago by your brother," she said with patient exactness, "but he's mine now." And then, without another word, she turned and disappeared without a sound back into the woods.

For a long while after she left, her words seemed to echo through the quiet air. With my mind's ear, I listened to the echoes and pondered them over and over again. Her words made no sense. For one

thing, I did not have a brother.

Suddenly, I thought about the house, and turned my head slowly to look at it. Nothing had changed and I could sense that it was completely devoid of any living, thriving thing. With slow steps I approached it and decided that I must enter it and see what was there. I was not afraid, really, nor was I very curious. I accepted the fact that I had no choice; I had to go into the house for some compulsive reason I did not understand.

The house, except for the things I have mentioned, was typical of the thousands of shacks that dot the Southern landscape. It had a crude front porch, and a small front door that opened into a hallway which ran through to the back door. There was one room on each side of the hallway with doors opposite each other. I opened the front door and stood in the darkened hallway until my eyes adjusted to the light. It was completely

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CHARISSA

Charissa,

lady of wine

woman of mine

sunshine of the valley

Charissa,

seeker of fame

lover and dame

sapphire of the sea

Golden hair flowing like twin rivers running
down to the waterwheel of passion

Eyes of emerald with alluring lustre lighting
my fire with a beckon

Charissa,

wife of bliss

sweet, sunkissed

mist of the morning

Charissa,

God's own child

warm yet wild

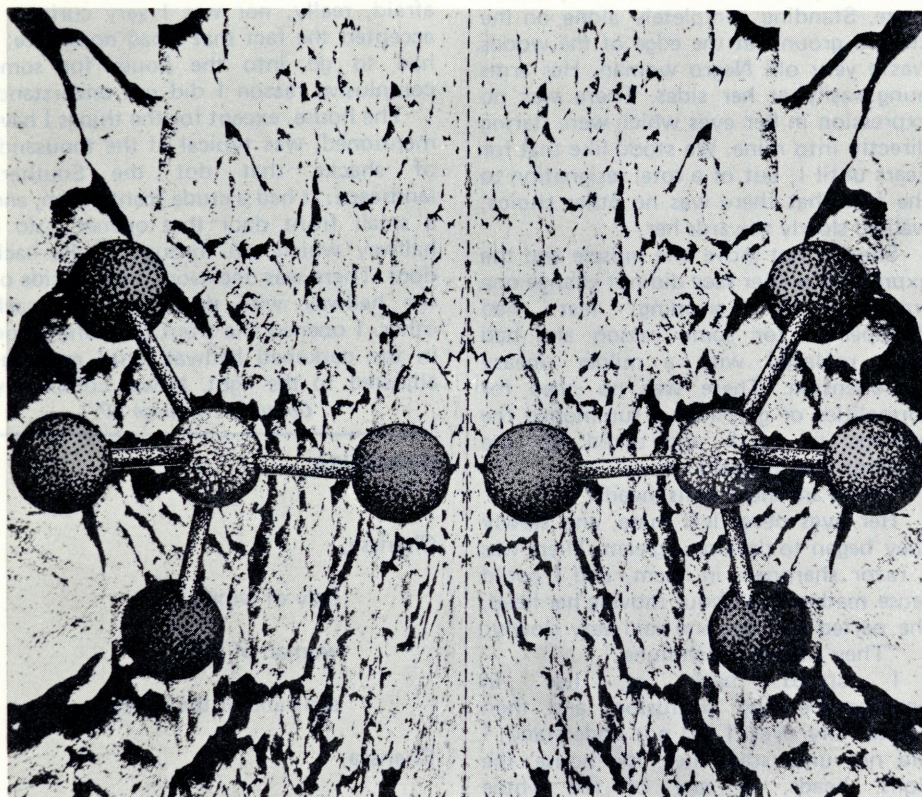
spirit free and soaring

—Thomas A. Coolidge

a search for the life force

Photography: Lee Brennan

Illustration: Randy Nowell



BY JIM PATTERSON

Some people associate the study of life origins with Dr. Frankenstein's graveyard creation, and others recall Huxley's "brave new world" of technicians producing thousands of identical human beings tailored for a certain level in society. The work being done by Auburn's Dr. Ed Graf is not so spectacular as that suggested by science fiction writers, but is perhaps more fascinating. Instead of trying to "create" life in the laboratory, Dr. Graf is trying to explain the process by which life may have developed on Earth.

The division between what is living and what is non-living is hazy. No one has yet been able to define a set of conditions such that he can say "If these conditions are met, life is present; if not, then no life is present." One-celled animals such as amoebae can be identified as living, and certain organic materials can be identified as non-living, but there is a huge gap between the two. Some structures, for example viruses, display characteristics of both living and non-living matter. So, how do we define life? What causes the

change from non-living to living matter? Philosophers have pondered the question for many years. More recently, scientists have tried to answer it in terms of natural phenomena. The answers could help prolong life and cure diseases.

Dr. Graf, an electrical engineering professor, and Dr. Frank Cole, a biochemist at the Oschner Clinic in New Orleans, have researched the origins of life for several years. Their resulting theory, which is briefly outlined in the accompanying article, explores the effect of electromagnetic phenomena on the origins of life.

Dr. Graf became interested in this area while doing research for his doctoral dissertation. At that time, he thought of trying to influence crystal growth with electromagnetic fields. When he returned to Auburn, though, he abandoned the idea for five or six years until he became interested in the effects of electromagnetic fields on cells: "The thing that really got me interested in it was the nervous system, which is fundamentally an electrical system. It just seemed to me that, with all of the electrical phenomena associated with all sorts of biological systems, there must

have been a very powerful electrical driving force at the very origin of life."

Dr. Graf then met Dr. Cole, who was also intensely interested in this area of study. The two have combined their research efforts over the last few years. Dr. Graf says, "Our work is on a molecular level. Jokingly, I call the result that we're striving for a molecular motor, because the whole idea is simply one of taking a molecule that has a large electric dipole moment and a perpendicular minor electric dipole moment and placing that in electric fields such that the molecule must spin about its major axis.

A dipole is defined as a conceptual way to represent charge distribution. It is two equal and opposite charges (negative and positive) separated by a short distance. A dipole moment is the product of the distance and the size of the charge.

"We have built a little machine in the past that we have tried this thing with. We were unsuccessful at that time in producing the effects that we wanted; at least we weren't able to analyze the material that we did produce. We did re-perform some rather old experiments forming organic materials out of inorganic materials."

The two scientists have received \$2500 from a private foundation to construct a new apparatus to apply electrical force to a solution of organic molecules. The machine is now being built at Auburn and when finished it will be shipped to the Oschner Clinic where Dr. Cole will perform the biochemical analysis of the mixture produced by the machine. Dr. Graf explains, "We are hopeful that we may be able to arbitrarily produce a non-racemic mixture of materials. [A non-racemic mixture is one in which only left-handed or only right-handed molecules are present. Left and right-handed molecules are mirror images of each other. See illustration.]

"If we can do the thing we set out to do—that is, produce a non-racemic mixture—then I think that would be an enormous step in the study of the origin of life. In my opinion one of the largest problems in that study is the fact that electrical discharges in the gases [A mixture of hydrogen, methane, ammonia, water vapor and a trace of other gases being used in the experiment] will produce organic materials. We also can trace back to very early one-celled structures. Now, a one-celled structure is already fantastically complex. At any rate, down on that level, the lowest level, we already have asymmetry in the amino

acids, and we have electrical characteristics of the cell. All of that is already present, so there's still an enormous gap between the first cell and the organic material.

"Now then, to go from the organic material to the first cell requires an enormous amount of faith of one sort or another, unless it's admitted and recognized that this gap could be filled in by straight-forward scientific means.

"There are two schools of thought on that. One school of thought says there was so much time available and there was contact between all these various organic materials, and that, given a sufficient amount of time, then they just came together and this development of cellular activity just all sort of happened and that it built itself.

"I don't believe that. All the data that I've ever seen demonstrates conclusively, as far as I'm concerned, that that simply is not what happened. Life was not generated from organic materials in the absence of some sort of driving force. In the old literature you see that quite often. They actually called it a life force, and people searched for this life force. It amuses me a little bit, but I suppose that these experiments that we're doing are a search for what those people termed a life force."

Drs. Graf and Cole believe that the electrical and magnetic fields which they have described could put the organic molecules into motion and produce the necessary asymmetry as well as supply the external energy. This driving force could be a catalyst and guide from the organic dead to the organic living. If so, then, as the electromagnetic fields which had supplied energy faded, the organic structures might have begun to take energy from sources such as sunlight or from other structures. "The idea is fascinating. It's totally unproved, and it's just sporty to work on. It's really almost in the category of a scientific hobby. We don't expect any quick results; we're not naive enough to think that we'll ever get any results; but it is fun to follow in a scientific fashion."

Dr. Graf emphasizes that if his experiment were successful the result would still be almost an infinite distance from a living cell. The robot, as he calls it, would fit in somewhere between the non-living material and the viruses, but would be a step toward closing the gap between the living and non-living. He feels that the change from non-living material to life took place as the result of natural phenomena and in accordance with natural laws. Answers about the process could be applied in the treatment of diseases — for example cancer, which is believed to be caused by some viruses.

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ABOUT THE HOBBY OF DRS. GRAF AND COLE

NOTE: The subject with which this explanation deals is the center of both scientific and moral controversy. This material is presented not as factual, but as theoretical.

A question of great interest to scientists is that of the origins of life on Earth. Much research has been directed toward determining conditions under which life or its chemical precursors could have developed. One theory proposes that the primitive Earth's atmosphere was composed mainly of hydrogen, ammonia, methane, water vapor, and traces of other substances. In this mixture are all of the elements contained in organic molecules such as sugars, fats, starches, amino acids, and proteins. Experiments involving the application of energy to a mixture of these gases have been successful in synthesizing amino acids, the molecules from which proteins are formed. At present, almost all naturally occurring amino acids have been synthesized, and there are no theoretical objections to the synthesis of those which remain. In addition, polymers of amino acids have been synthesized, but there are both theoretical and experimental difficulties in such processes.

Another as yet unresolved problem involves a phenomenon in the structure of organic molecules. Organic polymers can form either of two isometric forms, left-handed or right-handed. In laboratory experiments, both forms occur with equal regularity, while naturally occurring molecules always exhibit a preferred direction. In proteins, a right-handed helical structure predominates, due to the almost exclusive occurrence of left-handed amino acid isomers. No one has yet been able to produce asymmetric biopolymers without supplying asymmetric molecules to the reaction. A major point in the study of the origin of life on Earth, then, is the search for a force which could have caused the asymmetry which occurs in nature.

Drs. Graf and Cole have proposed that a primitive Earth atmosphere of the composition mentioned earlier might have allowed the formation of electromagnetic fields which could have affected the development of life. Such an atmosphere, with its relatively large percentage of lightweight hydrogen, would have extended much farther into space than the present atmosphere. The greater separation of the Earth's core and ionosphere might have produced an

electromagnetic resonance phenomenon with oscillation occurring at about ten cycles per second which, in turn, might have prompted tremendous electrical discharges in regions near the equator. Perhaps, then, the electrical activity produced most of the forms of energy which have been proposed for the synthesis of organic molecules.

In addition to the electrical discharge, the resonance might have produced an oscillating magnetic field at the Earth's surface. Drs. Graf and Cole have proposed that this field, in addition to the static electric and magnetic fields present, could have acted as a resolving force responsible for the asymmetry found in naturally occurring organic molecules.



An amino acid polymer can be electrically represented by three mutually perpendicular electric dipoles. An electric dipole is conceived as two opposite electrical charges separated by a short distance. The dipole oriented along the long axis of the molecule is strong compared to the other two. Such a molecule, if placed in a static electric field, would attempt to align itself so that its long axis was in the same direction as the static field. When static and alternating fields are applied to the molecule, it will rotate in much the same manner as an electric motor. The preferred direction of rotation would depend on the isomer form. Drs. Graf and Cole have proposed that the spin of right-handed polymers would force them to the top of an aqueous medium, where they would remain at the surface. Left-handed polymers, however, would work themselves deeper and thus be subjected to greater destructive forces. If this occurred, right-handed polymers would clearly have a better chance of survival.

In addition to the synthesis of organic molecules, lifelike structures have been observed under experimental conditions.

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Aside from its scientific implications, Dr. Graf finds the acceptance of life as a natural phenomenon philosophically interesting, especially since it opens the possibility of life elsewhere than on Earth: "I should think that the universe could be just full of life. I see no reason on the basis of pure science that there are not millions upon millions of planets around millions and millions of stars that have a vast array of life beyond all imagination. One of the things I regret the most is that space travel is so slow that we really, at least at this point in our knowledge of science, have no opportunity to experience anything about life other than on Earth because the array of life throughout the universe must be without end.

"If you accept the idea of a universe without end, the oscillating universe, then the universe would be constantly renewing itself and life would be generated on every cycle. From that point then, life in the universe is a natural phenomenon, just as natural a phenomenon of the universe as the stars are. It's a beautiful thought.

"It gets you away from having the view that everything is singular. The concept that life is only on the Earth is rather depressing, I think, compared to the idea that the generation of life is just natural."

The first modern work to show that life is a natural phenomenon was done by the Russians. Dr. Graf says: "They were highly motivated by their philosophy. They wanted no more to do with the church or with any sort of supernatural phenomena. Instead of discouraging the scientific community from looking at the natural evolution of life they encouraged it. I'm sure some of the finest scientific minds in Russia worked on it. Those early works are excellent, and certain of them are the foundation for the modern approach to exobiology (life on other planets) as well as the study of the origin of life."

"Some years back to even consider studying a thing like this would have been in very bad taste" he concludes. "That's not uncommon for science, you know. Galileo didn't fare too well with the planets, and Darwin didn't fare too well either, when he considered evolution, and in some circles he's still not faring too well." Dr. Graf says he has no complaints about the manner in which research is supported: "If people are really interested in something, they'll find a way to do it."

OBSERVATIONS OF A DIZZY BLONDE

BY MARY LOLLAR

—the puppy next door was evicted today; she was one of the better tenants....

—the power company sent our bill: \$29.50. They say candlelight is romantic....

—made a pizza and burned the hell out of it. Damn it! It's man's work, anyway....

—decided to increase my knowledge; went to an X-rated movie. Oh, ignorance was bliss....

—slid down the dam slide yesterday; they said I did all right for a girl....

—someone asked me who I was; I had to stop and think....

—just before I fell asleep, I tried to think about people; funny, sheep kept getting in the way....

—I was almost engaged once, but started asking myself: "engaged to do what?"

—mom called last night, and for a while I didn't know who she was: but then, I haven't known for twenty years....

—passed a friend, and she asked: "How are you?" "I've got two weeks to live!" "Oh, that's great." It's nice to have friends who listen....

—some guy asked me how many kids I wanted: "wanted for what?"

—love is like a paperweight: heavy as hell, but easy to break....

—don't know what I'll do when I grow up: give up my dreams, I guess....

GRANDCHILDREN

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empty. I walked slowly down it and stopped between the two doors. After a moment's hesitation, I reached for the knob of the door to my right and swung it open. All there was, was one large, dark, and completely empty room. I turned around and faced the other door. A strange feeling swept over me as I stared at it. There was, I knew, something behind that door. I grew more uneasy and summoned my courage to open it. I had no choice.

My uneasiness kept me from entering the room as I opened the door. On first sight this room, too, was completely dark and empty, but I caught my breath with a start as I suddenly realized there was no floor in the room. It was not as if it had collapsed or rotted away—there simply was no floor from wall to wall. In its place was a carefully constructed pit, the moss-covered brick walls of which I could

see leading straight down for an unknown distance into the darkness. I stood shivering on the threshold of the mysterious room and as my eyes adjusted to the even inkier darkness of the dungeon, I began to make out its dimensions. It was about fifteen feet deep and completely empty—except for one thing. Far below me, in a corner, I could barely see—but there was no mistake—the distinct lines of a human skeleton. Its knees were drawn up to its chest and the skull was craned down, cradled between them. It was a sight that chilled my blood.

For I don't know how long I stood rooted to that same spot, completely speechless and awed by the impact of the whole fantastic scene. Time ceased to move as I stared at those bones, enshrined in their slimy, eternal chamber in this isolated house in the isolated country. I didn't even notice with my conscious ear at first the strange, shrill sound echoing into that dismal hallway from far away. Only as it became louder did I hear it and my heart stopped at the unmistakable sound. From somewhere back deep in the gray woods it rolled in and surrounded my whole body—louder and louder—the chilling peals of maniacal, blood-curdling laughter.

HOBBY

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The two principal models have demonstrated such cell-like properties as double membranes and catalytic activity. In addition, they can be induced to grow in size, divide, and grow again in response to changes in their environment. One might infer from the formation and behavior of such structures that when organic macromolecules form, cellular development will follow spontaneously.



Jack mountain

AN AFFIRMATION:

with apologies to Descartes



What shall it profit a man to put pen to paper and write for Auburn University's illustrious publications: *The Plainsman*, *The Alumnews*, *The Circle*? Young writers, take note of the sad possibilities—misunderstanding, petty criticism, cruel censure, outright slander—before you are too easily beguiled with the fickle lure of fame, the only tangible reward offered most of those who struggle and sweat to fill the pages of our alma mater's big three.

The sad experience of Bob Sanders, the Lamar County Chaucer, would serve here as an illustrative example fully as pathetic and almost as long as Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa*. Before Bob broke into campus print, first in *The Alumnews* and then in *The Circle*, he confined his scintillating comments on human folly to the ephemeral waves emanating from Radio Station WAUD during the early morning hours. The waves faded with the rising sun, and Bob lived at peace with his fellowmen. Now Bob suffers a haunted

and hunted existence, hounded by militarists during the day and by Klan supporters at night.

Bob's lamentable plight would hold us longer if it were not that I have a sadder tale to tell: my own. My journalistic labors began on *The Plainsman* long ago when *The Alumnews* was a fledgling "War Eagle" outlet for a former cheerleader and expatriate FBI operative. (That, my young friends, was before Thom Botsford was even born to dream up *The Auburn Circle*.) And what benign neglect I suffered from the eldest of the big three! Nowhere in *The Plainsman's* archives will you find an allusion to my name.

Later, I offered my talents to *The Alumnews*, now grown fatter, sassier, and a bit more comprehensive in its range. Under the successive editorships of Roden, Dugger, and Lovvorn, I received a grudging tolerance: sometimes a bit of space, the courtesy of my name—at the bottom of my work and the page—and an occasional snide comment upon one of my lucid remarks.

Then came *The Auburn Circle* with Thom Botsford at the helm to invite me to submit a column: at last my day had come!—But then did you see what they did to me? Under the alias of John Q., Mr. Botsford labeled me a heretic, and his anonymous compositor of the list of contributors even dared to question my existence.

So what shall it profit a man to write for *The Circle*: the youngest, the sassiest, the most pretentious of Auburn's big three? You may struggle and sweat, suffer rejection sometimes, and denial often—and certainly you will not receive a red copper in pay. Yet the opportunity remains a glorious one, for here you are at liberty to present your deepest conviction, whatever it may be, in fiction, verse, or prose. And thus, along with me, you have the privilege of self-affirmation. For who can contradict the proposition: "I write, therefore I am."



THE GIGOLO

With the same vain mind as his
I have smiled and kissed the artificial beauty
Laughing with the same lewd creature
That manipulates the mild manic
Aroused by his graciously vile carressing
Yet as fast as he may rake those tingling moments
Toward his hungry heart
They flow through him too quickly to grasp
Leaving always the same haunting desire
So subtly they escape that he chuckles with empty glee
At fading patterns of elusive beauty
Plaguing his hollow soul

But would he only spare innocence' child
Who does not understand his laugh
She only feels its sensual vibrations
Warming her waiting heart
Does not every woman at some time yearn
For the blue-eyed wonder
Whose boundaries are not those of any normal kind
One who has no worry or care
Except to comb his autumn hair

—Percy Jones

IN RAIN

Under the hoard of raindrops the crowd
becomes faceless, shrouded in upturned collars, newspapers,
massed umbrellas—
only the passing buses flash the colors
of people wondering at the blur of weather
and one white streak down the long street,
T-shirt of a boy blossoming into speed on his racer;
as water gathers on sheer arms, face, charging
legs,
he shouts it off.

—Lawrence Carmody

